

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## ONE BRETON HALLOWEEN.



"WHAT, Berney, you mean Elen, the granddaughter of the groach?"

"Yes, Roseum, I mean the granddaughter of the groach, witch, kakons, whatever you may choose to call her."

"The granddaughter of the groach," the girl who heard the voices of the passers-by, shrank back into the shadow of the wayside cross at which she had been kneeling. She let the steps go by; and then she peered round cautiously.

Ay, yonder tripped pretty Roseum in her fête-dress of Breton peasant. How the gold bindings on her jacket glistened in the sunlight, like so many necklaces! Her auburn hair was gathered in a bright chignon over the back of her peaked embroidered cap; and the wind caught at the white lace apron, and plucked the silk-embroidered skirts away from the trim feet in their black buckled shoes.

Elen glanced down at her own clumsy wooden sabots, which could not possibly give a hint of a pretty foot within. She drew back her brown, weather-stained garments farther into the shadow of the cross, as she followed with her gaze the two who looked so well matched as they walked on together. Her own eyes were not so clear now; but she knew so well how Berney always bore himself. His black hair floated about his shoulders, as in passing the cross he lifted reverently the broad-brimmed hat, which to-day had a gay knot of ribbons round it. Had Roseum tied it there?

Elen drew her breath hard, half rising

from her knees. Then she sank down lower than before, laying her lips against the caryen hand that drooped over the rough stone of the pedestal. Low under the old wayside cross was sculptured a rude Descent, the Mater Dolorosa supporting the Dead Christ, the other Maries standing weeping by. A saint triumphant would hardly have touched Elen just then; but who has not been comforted by the Man of Sorrows?

So comforted, that after awhile she gathered herself together, and went on her way.

It was not far, across the wind-swept common, to the fringe of cliffs upon the sea.

But the way was dreary; and still drearier the cliffs, black and slippery with the autumnal storms that had swept this wild coast of Brittany for a week past, strewing the beach in every cove with store of seaweed to enrich the fields.

Elen had only the one bit of a potato patch wedged in among the rocks; and this year she had had no heart for the seaweed-gathering where all the young people of the village met together. She had no heart for merry-making: slowly and heavily she climbed the rocks, to the cave-like hut niched among them.

Coming in from the light, Elen was an instant before she could clearly make out the familiar place, and see the gray head turning on the pillow, in the box-bed built into the wall.

"Is it you, Elen? How long you have been away! A drop of water, child."

"I have something for you better than water, grandmother. Food—good food! There, what do you think of that?"

The girl uncovered the basket on her arm; and a withered hand was stretched out eagerly from the bed.

But suddenly the old woman held back her hand.

"Who has been giving you all these things to-day, Elen?"

There was an uneasy movement from the girl.

"What does it matter, grandmother?" she said, trying to speak carelessly. "The folk sometimes are kinder to me; and the dainty food will do you good."

"Elen, you have been up at the Hill-farm—you have gone there with the beggar's white staff in your hand—"

"Grandmother, if I have? Thou didst carry the white staff for me, when I was a little one, that I might not starve: now that thou art helpless," cried the girl, breaking into the tender "thou," which the Breton uses more suavely than the French—"now that thou art helpless, shall I see thee starve? I would fain work for you," she added, more calmly; "but then no one has given me work; and I could not leave you for the seaweed-gathering. Grandmother, the old man at the Hill-farm was kind to me: what matter where the food and drink come from?—it is the good God gives them, after all."

She was answered only by a sudden movement. The basket was flung with a crash on the stone floor. And while the girl stood as if turned to stone herself:

"Child, child, that food, that drink, would strangle me. What, could I curse their giver, while his bread was between my teeth—curse him in house and barn, in field and fishing-boat, in his own heart, and in his only son—"

"For holy Saint Anna's sake, grandmother!" gasped out the girl.

She had sunk on her knees, lifting her white face over her clasped hands. A ray

from the sunset, thrusting itself through a crevice in the roof, laid a bright touch upon her head. She might have been some saint that prays apart in this rude hermitage, while that panting voice cursed on:

"—and in his only son— Child, do you know what ground we are on now?"

"It was Our Lady's chapel once, grandmother."

"Yes, yes. But not Our Lady of Pity; not Our Lady of Joy. It is Our Lady of Hatred, Elen; and yonder, on the rock outside, folk say her altar stood. You can see the Hill-farm from there. And there I've knelt and knelt, many's the time, when Yoon Trégunc's boat was put to sea, and watched it out of sight, with his Berney in it, the son of his old age, and prayed that it might never come in again."

Elen crossed herself, with a shudder.

"But it always did come in again, grandmother. And the old priest at Penmarch told me Our Lady is all pity."

"There, there, Elenik, do he and you know so much better than our forefather's? What then becomes of our enemies if Our Lady will not help us to punish them? Yoon Trégunc, who was not too proud to love me but only too proud to hold by me when his father would have him marry Loiza and add her field to the Hill-farm—"

Elen glanced quickly at her grandmother. So slighted love was at the bottom of this hatred of all at the Hill-farm?

Ashamed and angry with herself for going there, Elen, as she started up, pushed aside with her foot the scattered contents of her basket.

The grandmother saw the gesture.

"Let all lie there, Elenik," she said, grimly. "Let them lie there until to-morrow. To-morrow old Maharite shall take them back to the Hill-farm, when she goes there with her white staff. They'll make a fine spread there, in the farm-kitchen, for Yoon Trégunc's Berney."

"For Berney, grandmother?"

"Maharite told me only last week that he had put to sea. And, oh! how it has stormed since then! Yoon Trégunc's brave boy will never come to land again alive!" she cried, lifting herself on her pillow with a weird, chuckling laugh. "But see, Elen, to-morrow is All-Saints' Day and then follows the Day of the Dead, when the table is spread at midnight for the drowned who wander back for that one glimpse of home. Berney will be there—his ghost—for otherwise he will never come ashore."

Choked with horror at the chuckling sounds—"wild laughter in the throat of death"—Elen turned and crept out of the hut.

She had no voice to tell the terrible old woman that Berney was already safe ashore.

Safe? Who shall say he is safe, while here stands the very rock on which, as the grandmother has said, once rose the altar of Our Lady of Hatred?

Elen cast herself down on her knees before it; lifted her hands clenched together.

Would she too invoke Our Lady of Hatred?

Was it hatred, quivering on her lips, absorbing her, so that she never heard a step upon the rocky platform behind her?

A step which the new-comer suppressed when he saw that kneeling figure. He removed his hat, and stood with bent head, looking at her: having first swung to the ground from his shoulders a huge creel or fish-basket, heaped with freshly gathered seaweed. As the girl rose from her knees:

"Elen—" he said, softly.

"Berney!"

And then, turning cold after her eager blush:

"Why are you here? The wild sea-birds can find a hiding-place among these rocks; and we who ask no more—"

"Dear Elen, why shouldst thou seek a

hiding-place? See: thou wast not at the seaweed-gathering; I have brought thee my first boat-load."

"Roseum did not choose to go in your boat, then; but with Ioan or some other of the lads," said Elen, coldly, and not looking at him.

"Roseum?" He repeated the name carelessly. "Why should she go with me? It was not Roseum, but thou, in my boat at the last seaweed-gathering before. We were friends then, Elen; but now, thou wilt never give me word, or look—"

"Why do you call me 'thou,' and talk of being friends with the granddaughter of the groach, the witch, the kakons?"

"Elen!"

It was not his voice, that stopped her; though he too made the exclamation.

It was that cry from the threshold of the hut: where, when she turned, she saw the grandmother supporting herself with a shaking hand on either side of the doorway.

"Elen!"

"Mother Barbaik—" the young man turned straight to her—"It is to you, Mother Barbaik, that I am come, as well as to Elen. Speak to her for me, Mother Barbaik; tell her I can make her happy as my wife—that my roof is broad enough to shelter you both—that my hearth is warm for both, and the hams and flitches festoon all the ceiling-beams, and the presses burst open with their stores of linen, in the chimney-corner. And—tell her that I love her, Mother Barbaik."

This last was spoken in a lower key, less confident of the value of that offering. A roof-tree, presses of linen, flitches of bacon, all have their positive value: but love—will Elen value that?

He looked at her. The bright blood was burning in her cheeks. She put up her hands hurriedly to hide them, keeping her eyes downcast. She was speaking very low:

"Your father—"

"Has given his consent."

"A kakons—the descendant of the accursed rope-makers!"

"Elen, who shall dare to call my wife an evil name?"

"Berney, it will be true!"

She is looking full at him now. And now he does not need to ask himself the question, is his love of worth to her? Her brown eyes answer him, even while she sadly shakes her head and says:

"Berney, it will be true!"

He has only waited for that answer in her eyes before he gathers her straightway to himself.

"Elen, it will be true, it shall be true. Because the truest heart I know is the heart of my kakons wife."

They neither of them see the grandmother has tottered forward from the doorway, feebly, falteringly, when she reaches Elen's side, sinking on her knees at the rock-altar.

"Our Lady—"

Elen draws herself hastily from her lover's arm. She kneels beside her grandmother, supporting her.

"Our Lady of Peace and Joy, of Love and Pity and Forgiveness!" she cries out. "Our Lady of Hatred has been deaf to thy prayers, grandmother—the other has heard mine. Let us pray to her together."

"Our Lady—"

What the husky, broken voice would add, is never spoken, for that voice has broken off forever in this world.

Is it a prayer that rises triumphant in the upper skies?—or a curse muttered between gnashing teeth below?

When Berney comes at the girl's frightened cry and lifts the shrunken form, grown suddenly too heavy for her arm, they see that all is over.

"She had bound her poor heart down too long in the darkness of despair and hate," Elen says, afterward, between her sobs. "And when she wrenched it toward the light it broke."

If Berney doubts the explanation, yet he never says so to his kakons wife.

MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

## A LEAP-YEAR PARTY.

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"THREE giggling girls! What are you up to? I know it is some mischief." The speaker was a tall, slight young man, with a pleasant blue eye and an animated expression.

Two of the girls thus addressed drew back, coloring a little, the third uttered a protest, "What a nuisance brothers are!"

"Not other people's brothers," interplated the first speaker.

"Do go away, Charlie," she continued, "and leave us in peace."

"I thought, perhaps, you would need my valuable advice."

"Well, when we want it, we'll ask for it," and she rose and playfully pushed him toward the door.

"You shall know all about it after awhile," she said, finally, as he still lingered, and then shut the door and returned to her companions. "It will be great fun, don't you think so?" she asked.

"I'm going to devote myself to Carrol Melville," said Flora Divine, a tall, slight girl, whose dark eyes, oval face, and fine figure gave her some claims to be called handsome.

"I believe I feel more at home with your brother than any one else, Lou," said Bessie Ross, a plump little blonde, to the first speaker.

"Well, I mean to have a good time with everybody," Louise Churchill replied, "and try to remember all the nice speeches that have ever been made to me."

She was darker than her brother, but

had the same blue eyes and pleasant expression.

The subject under discussion was a Leap-Year party Louise had proposed to get up, and which the others thought a capital joke.

"We won't have another chance for four years," she said, "so it would be a great pity to lose the opportunity."

The preparations went on apace, and soon the young men of the village were as much interested in the project as the girls. Various expedients were suggested to give a feminine touch to their black coats, and it was even currently reported that Tom Bradley had tried putting up his hair in crimps to emulate the natural mane of a female friend. He said it was "beastly uncomfortable," and he did not know how the girls that tried it could sleep a wink, he couldn't, while the result was scarcely "visible to the naked eye."

The eagerly anticipated night arrived at last, and two of the most venturesome and courageous of the girls chartered an omnibus and called for some of the young men, but this was not in favor with the many, so the other guests conveyed themselves to the Churchill mansion as they thought best.

Some wore their hair parted in the middle; one was adorned with a curl at one side; some had laces at the throat and wrists; others corsage bouquets; a few carried fans, and Carrol Melville had added a huge smelling bottle, which hung dangling at his side. Many of the girls wore chokers and white vests, and a few

had their hair parted at one side. The attempt to reverse the position in dancing caused much merriment, and mistakes and stumbles were numerous.

"May I put my name on your card for the first waltz?" Flora Divine asked Carrol Melville.

"Ah! you are so very kind, Miss Divine," he answered, with a flirt of his fan and a sniff at his smelling bottle, which almost checked further proceedings.

"I am deep in engagements, but by a mere chance the first waltz is left."

"Then I shall return to claim it," she said, as she bowed and moved on.

"May I—may I ask you for the first dance, Mr. Churchill?" said Bessie Ross, blushing and stammering a little.

"With all my heart," answered Charlie, with his usual frank, good nature.

"Oh! but you mustn't speak like that," smiled Bessie; "girls don't talk that way."

"Well, come along, anyhow," he said, "you can instruct me to talk while we dance; if I were to take my lesson first (I'm a slow scholar), I am afraid the evening would be over before I learned."

"Aren't you tired of playing wall-flower? Don't you want to dance with me?" said Louise Churchill to Tom Bradley.

"That isn't the way to talk to young ladies, Miss Louise."

"Yes it is, for that is just the way I was asked to dance, and by a young gentleman who thought himself very brilliant, that I could see."

"Jackanapes!" growled Tom. "I hope he wasn't of our town."

"No, he was not; but since that style of address don't please you, may I have the extreme felicity of dancing the next set with you, Mr. Bradley?"

"I shall be most happy. But tell me, do you think my crimps look well?"

"If you had brought me either a magnifying glass or a microscope to discover them," laughed Louise, as she led her

partner forth, "I could tell you better."

"How can you be so heartless," responded Tom; "if you only knew how I had suffered to accomplish that little. I declare, I don't see how you girls live through it."

But Louise only pushed back her own curly locks crimped to perfection by nature's hand, and smiled.

"I feel very much overcome by that waltz, couldn't you get me an ice?" asked Carrol Melville, with a languishing glance at Flora.

"Certainly, do rest here in this little ante-room. I blame myself for tiring you," she replied, with an equally expressive look.

"How delightful this is!" he murmured, as she stood waiting upon him.

"Would it might always be my privilege to be cup-bearer to one so fair," said Flora, gallantly.

"The position is open to you if you would but accept it," he returned, with a mingling of fun and earnest in his tone.

She colored high, she could not but recognize his sincerity. "'No fair,' as the children say, Mr. Melville, you are taking advantage of me."

"All's fair in love and war," was his answer. "You have walked into this little trap of your own accord; don't blame me if I am merciless," rising and barring her exit, as she seemed inclined for flight. "And I do now declare in sober earnest that I, Carrol Melville, spinster, will be most happy to be served or to serve you, Flora Divine, bachelor, for all the rest of my natural life."

"You carry the joke too far," she said, a little coldly, "or well, if you will," plucking up spirit, "can you—can you return the wild beatings of my frantically throbbing heart?"

"I'll call at ten and tell you then, to-morrow," he said, meaningly.

"Your jokes are too serious, and your earnest is too trifling for me," she said,

retreating. "I'm going to send Miss Ross to take care of you."

And when, a day or two after, Carrol Melville offered himself in due form to Flora Divine, she declined the honor.

"I will not take no for an answer," he asserted. "I know you like me and it was just that stupid leap-year party that spoiled it all." He kept his word, and the next leap-year Mrs. Carrol Melville gave a party to her young friends.

Meanwhile Charlie and Bessie had entered into a "platonic" friendship which everybody thought was tending in a certain direction, and Tom Bradley, who had

for some time been very much attracted by Louise, said she was so fascinating that night and took various characters so charmingly that she had "just finished" him, and that if she did not agree to spend all her leap-years with him, he was going to drown himself, which threat so alarmed Louise, who was of a humane disposition, that she gave in at once and the first of the next leap-year Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bradley went to Flora Melville's party, but Tom didn't wear his hair in crimps, he said Louise was curly enough to represent the whole family.

LEIGH NORTH.

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## BELIEVE IN MAN.

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BELIEVE in man, nor turn away,  
 Lo! man advances year by year;  
 Time bears him upward, and his sphere  
 Of life must broaden day by day.

Believe in man with large belief,  
 The garnered grain each harvest time  
 Hath promise, roundness, and full prime  
 For all the empty chaff and sheaf.

Believe in man with proud belief;  
 Truth keeps the bottom of her well,  
 And when the thief peeps down, the thief  
 Peeps back at him, perpetual.

Faint not that this or that man fell;  
 For one that falls a thousand rise  
 To lift white Progress to the skies;  
 Truth keeps the bottoms of her well.

Fear not for man, nor cease to delve  
 For cool, sweet truth, with large belief.  
 Lo! Christ Himself chose only twelve,  
 Yet one of these turned out a thief.

JOAQUIN MILLER, SONGS OF THE MEXICAN SEAS.

## WAS HE A COWARD?

### CHAPTER I.

ONE evening, in the late summer of 1855, the setting sun was sending streams of golden light across the low, broad meadows and groups of trees beyond the river, and the river itself, between its deep banks and walls, might have been rolling over golden sands, and a vivid glory fell on the old red houses of the city, climbing up from the water's edge, and on the great Cathedral, with its glowing windows, standing high above all.

Near the Cathedral stood the Deanery, a large, old house of red sandstone, shadowed by chestnut trees, with a walled garden descending to the river. That setting sun was pouring its light straight in at one great Gothic window as if it had nothing else to do, so that every corner of the Dean's library with its heavy furniture and rows of handsome books was almost dazzlingly bright.

One side of the window was open, where a magnolia and a red rose were struggling together to reach the old stone sill. There, in the full glow of evening, the Dean's wife was sitting, clear against the comparative shadow behind her, looking, as many people said, much too young for her position; her brown head leant back against the mullion, as her sweet, wistful eyes watched her husband as he walked about the room.

People looking up from the outer edge of the broad towing-path below the ivy wall that bounded the Deanery garden could see her sitting there; but the passers-by were not many.

Only one man, sauntering along with eyes rather sullenly fixed on the water, looked up and gazed when he found himself below the Deanery, half-stopped even, and, after lingering a few minutes with a sort of hesitation in his manner, presently strolled on a little further and began slowly to climb some steps which led up into the Close and so round to the Deanery. As he walked he muttered to himself a good deal; and one or two people turned to look at him, for he was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, though with a curious hang-dog manner.

In the library at the Deanery there was great trouble in spite of the sweet looks of its mistress.

Dean Brett was a man both admired and envied by his neighbors. He was a popular, eloquent man, and fortunate in everything.

In his youth he had been much thrown among great ladies, and perhaps some influence of this kind may have accounted for his being made a Dean at forty-five. But in spite of these things every one knows that he was a most excellent Dean.

At this time the appointment had only been made about a year and he seemed to have everything that could make life happy. Ten years before he had married a girl as good as she was pretty, who now, at thirty, looked about twenty-five; and he had one son, the pride of his heart, a bold, handsome, unmanageable boy, who obeyed no one but his mother.

The Dean himself was an easy-going, happy-natured man, full of fun and kind-

ness. But his wife had lately discovered, to her surprise, that under all his pleasant ways there was a great pride, a great sensitiveness, and a stern unforgiveness which fairly astonished her.

It was certainly a terrible business, and at first he had taken it in utter silence, only going about with a weight of sadness upon him, and not even talking it over with his wife. Well, the thing had been hushed up and she understood that it was better not to speak of it, much as she longed to do so. It was, perhaps, the first great trouble of his life and she felt that she ought to share it with him; yet he knew best.

He had one brother, much younger than himself. She had known him before her marriage, but had hardly seen him since, for he was in the army and had been away with his regiment in various parts of the world. He had the character of a daring officer, rather reckless and foolhardy. As a young fellow he had been wild, and had cost his elder brother a good deal of trouble and money. But that had not altered his brother's deep and strong affection for him, his pride in Martin's dashing courage, his delight in his letters. The little boy was called after him and was brought up to think his Uncle Martin a hero. The Dean was always saying:

"It is extraordinary how that boy reminds me of Martin. He was exactly that sort of a child, only more manageable, I must say, for he had a much better temper."

And now Martin had got into some terrible scrape in the Crimea. There had been a court-martial; he had been cashiered for cowardice and neglect of duty.

The disgraceful thing had been kept out of the papers and was not generally known. Friends at headquarters had stepped in to shield the unfortunate man as best they could. But he was ruined. And the second post to-day had brought a letter from him—a somewhat free-and-

easy letter, even his kind sister-in-law had to confess—saying that he was in England and asking if he might come to the Deanery. It was the first letter he had written to his brother since the crash came and he did not even attempt to make an excuse for himself. The Dean had just answered it that sunny evening in the library, and his answer was very harsh and stern. He absolutely declined to see his brother or to hold any communication with him in future.

"O Henry! but this is too hard!" said Mrs. Brett, and then she laid the letter sadly down and sat there in the window watching him.

"Come here!" repeated the Dean in his indignation. "Does he think we can live here, then, with his shame and disgrace hanging over us? And the boy—ruin to him. Such an example—a coward—a man with a stain on his name! Anything but that! I declare to you that that letter of his makes me think I had better resign and hide my head in some remote corner of the country. But even then the shame would be the same. How a man could endure it and not shoot himself!"

"Dear Henry, what are you saying?"

"I don't know," said the Dean, with a sudden return to his usual gentleness. "Something contrary to what I should preach, no doubt. It is not good for us to talk about this. Were you going out? Don't let me keep you. No, the letter is not too hard. It will settle the business, and we shall hear no more of his coming here, I hope."

"Poor Martin! I am so dreadfully sorry for him," said Mrs. Brett, coming down from her place in the window.

"My dear," he said, "be a sensible woman, and think of the boy. I wish we had not given him that name. If the fellow had any true feeling of what he has done he would go away to Australia or somewhere and never show his face again."

His wife came to him, and he took her

in his arms and kissed her, and smoothed back her soft hair.

"It is very odd," he said, "that women can't feel like men about these things. Now go, and we won't mention the subject again. Drive it out of your thoughts, or you will make me more unhappy still."

She left him and went out alone into the golden-shadowed city. She walked round the Cathedral to that part of the Close where the great elms and the rooks' nests are, and where flights of rugged steps lead down to the river. It was always very quiet there; there had often seemed to her a touch of Heaven's own peace in that nook, away from the world and the town, where the great Cathedral looked down upon meadows and flowing water. There was one corner of half-ruined wall, an old rampart below the Cathedral, where she and her little Martin often sat together and told stories—always soldiers' stories; he cared for no other kind of life.

She was going there now, in a sort of sad puzzle, for the Dean's idea that his brother's disgrace would be the ruin of his boy, was so terrible that it had to be faced quite alone. As she approached it, a tall man's figure started up from that very corner and came to meet her. She looked at him, with his slouching air of misery and shame, and at first did not know him, or could not realize who it was. At her wedding, ten years before, her husband's brother had been the handsomest, most ornamental, and most charming of young men, with a careless self-confidence which no one could find fault with; he seemed to have such a perfect right to it. Even now, as she gazed at him wonderingly, stopping half mechanically as he stopped, something of the old look came suddenly back into his face.

"I suppose you have forgotten me, Daisy," he said.

Mrs. Brett flushed crimson. It had been her old pet name as a girl; but it was nearly forgotten now. Even the Dean—

a little formal in his ways—used it most rarely. He said Margaret was far more beautiful, which, no doubt, was true.

"No, Martin," she hesitated, "only I was surprised."

"Yes; you must have had a good deal to surprise you lately. Well—I saw you just now sitting in the window. Is my brother at home?"

She had given her hand to Martin almost without thinking, because he seemed to expect it, and he was holding it still and looking at her with eyes full of painful, eager questions. Her sad and frightened face was almost enough to answer them, and for a moment or two she did not speak.

"It is a great pity you came here," she murmured at last.

"Why? Wasn't it natural?" said Martin.

"Yes, I dare say. But I must tell you—Henry is so miserable—and he says he cannot see you—and that if you come here he will have to resign and go away. You see, there is our little boy to think of. Oh! I am so sorry, Martin!" she cried, almost passionately. "Why did it happen? What does it mean?"

"I can solemnly assure you," Martin said, "that you know as much about that as I do. It is past explanation, Daisy. I was booked to go to the dogs somehow, and so I chose this stupid way. So old Henry won't have anything to do with me? Well, that settles it. Good-bye. Don't think I am friendless. I shall do very well."

He had turned away; but there was something in his manner that made her call him back.

"Well, Angelina?" he said, and the slight laugh with which he spoke the old name which he once gave her for fun, when she was engaged to his brother, touched her more than any amount of solemn penitence. Her eyes were full of tears as she looked up at him.

"Don't vex yourself about me, you kind

soul," he said. "I've got some money, you know, and I shall find plenty of friends, people who won't be ashamed of me. I see now, I ought to have expected Henry to throw me overboard. He owes it to himself, and you, and the small boy, as you say. Not to mention all the dignitaries of the Church. I ought to have seen all that. But I only thought of myself, and it seemed the one chance of being pulled out of the mud. Henry has done that for me, more times than you know, and I forgot that his patience might have an end to it."

"Don't go, Martin," said Margaret Brett, stretching out her hand. "Sit down here, and talk to me a little. Now listen—I don't believe this thing is true. There has been some great mistake. Tell me it is not true, and I will believe you—and I will make Henry believe you, too. Yes, indeed, I will."

"My dear Daisy, you won't do that, because it is true," he said.

He sat down on the old bench in the corner, leaned his face on his hands, and broke out into deep, uncontrollable sobs. She stood beside him in great distress, almost terror, for they were in a public path, where any one might pass at any moment, where the Dean himself, as sunset faded and twilight stole over the city, might walk around to look for her. She had had a very quiet, uneventful life, quite away from any bitter passions and tragedies; and in this strange experience she did not at all know what to do. Her whole soul was full of pity for Martin; and, for herself, she would have welcomed him to her house, and given him all the kindness she could, without any fear of evil results for her boy. But these generous instincts were not backed up by any great moral courage. She was gentle and shy; she was a little afraid of her husband, and did not even feel that she could reason with him in this affair, his determination being so strong.

As she stood there with her puzzled

thoughts, Martin recovered himself, and begged her pardon for being such a fool.

"No; it is all true enough, worse luck," he said. "And it is true, too, that I can't explain it. I couldn't stand it; the fire was too much for me. I ordered my men to retire at the wrong moment; I spoiled the attack, and gave the enemy an advantage. I behaved like a coward—so they tell me, for I swear to you, Daisy, I did not know what I was doing. I was mad with terror. It was panic, and you know what that is—a madness sent by the gods. The authorities were quite right to be hard on me; they couldn't overlook a thing of that kind, especially in a man who had seen so much service. On the whole, they were very kind, and hushed it up all they could. And I have thought several times since that I must really be a coward, or I should have shot myself by this time!"

Daisy remembered that the Dean had said the same thing.

"I think it is much braver to go on living," she said, in a low voice.

Martin laughed. "Do you? A jolly life, with plenty of friends?" he said.

She sat gravely down on the bench beside him. "Tell me about your friends. What sort of people are they?" she said.

"Not a sort that would interest you," he answered. "But they are all I have."

"And you came to us that you might not be thrown with them?"

"More fool I," he said, and laughed again. "To expect, after having made a black sheep of one's self, to live in a safe, comfortable fold, with nice white lambs like you!"

"Where are you going?" she said, after a pause.

"To London, for the present. I shall catch the last train."

Mrs. Brett sat silent for a few minutes, looking away into the fading sky.

"Don't leave us yet, Martin," she said at last. "After what Henry said, I can't take you to the Deanery. But there are

an old man and his wife who keep boats—nice, clean people—near the river-side; they let lodgings often in the summer, but they have no one now. Let me show you where they live; and you might at least stay there a week or two, and Henry may change his mind. I will manage to see you now and then, alone.”

He looked at her with rather a curious smile.

“Well, Daisy, as you ask me, show me where the house is,” he said. “I will take care to be unknown; and I won’t introduce myself to my nephew.”

Mrs. Brett went back in the twilight to the Deanery, from the dark, foggy street by the river-side, rather uneasy at what she had done.

Late that night she ventured to say something more about Martin, but the Dean answered, very gravely:

“My dear Margaret, I shall be obliged to you if you will not mention the subject again.”

Mrs. Brett’s heart sank within her. It seemed, after all, as if she ought to have let Martin go down-hill at his own pace.

“What kept you out so late?” said the Dean. “I was beginning to be uneasy about you. That river mist in the evening is so unhealthy.”

“I was walking about; the sky was beautiful,” she answered, a little falteringly.

“Don’t go into the river streets if you can help it,” said the Dean. “I hear that there are cases of fever and diphtheria.”

All that long, hot night, as Margaret Brett listened to the chimes of the Cathedral, her conscience went on telling her that for the first time in her married life she had deceived her husband, and almost told a lie. Poor Martin, it seemed, was not the only coward in the family.

## CHAPTER II.

DURING the next day or two, Martin Brett kept himself very quiet in his lodg-

ings. To the old people there he gave his name simply as “Martin,” and they made no further inquiries. Trusting his sister-in-law completely, he felt quite sure that he should either see her or hear from her soon, and, being of a hopeful nature, he flattered himself that her pleading with the Dean would soon be successful. In any case, he felt that the chance was worth waiting for. He was grateful for her faith in him, for the scorn of his own people was to him almost unbearable. He had chosen to think, when he wrote so boldly to his brother, that it was in fact an extreme of disgrace which he would never be called upon to suffer.

After two days he began to grow restless. He went out in the evening, and haunted that quiet corner of the Close, where Daisy and he had had their talk. The old walls were there, the clustering ivy, the evening light—though never so brilliant again—but she did not come. The next day he prowled round near the Deanery gate, and under the garden wall. He saw carriages driving in and out, people crossing the garden, but no sign of her, or of the Dean. He looked up at the great library window—watched it for an hour; but no one came to sit there, no bright face looked out between the rugged old mullions. He would not ask any questions, though plenty of people passed him, and some looked at him rather curiously. He told himself that Daisy was doing her best for him; that she was a woman with many acquaintances and a great deal to do; that she was waiting to bring him some good news. But with it all, as hours and days followed each other, he became terribly uneasy, and was weighed down by a feeling that something was wrong. On the whole he thought that she must have told her husband everything, and that he must have been very angry, and must have forbidden her to see or speak to his wretched brother again. It was unlike old Henry, that sort of hardness; but the gentlest and

most good-natured men may be in some circumstances the most severe; and he had his position to think of, and his boy. Still, Daisy was bound to send him some communication, some message, even if the worst had happened. There was nothing for it, clearly, but patience.

On Saturday he bought the local paper, and saw that his brother was to preach the next morning in the Cathedral. He determined to creep into some corner, and hear him. His wife was certain to be there, too.

There was a large congregation at the Cathedral. In those days it had not been restored, so that the outside was more impressive than the inside; it was piled with upholstery, and a great rood-loft blocked up the choir. It took Martin some time to discover that neither the Dean nor Mrs. Brett was in the Cathedral at all. Soon after the gray-headed Canon in residence had begun his sermon, which promised to be long and dry, one of his hearers, sad and restless, escaped from the Cathedral into the quiet sunshine of that almost autumn day. All was still in the Close; the iron gates of the Deanery were shut. At first Martin thought that no living creature was in sight; but soon, as he wandered near those gates, he saw that a little boy was standing inside them, gazing through the bars like a wild creature in a cage. Martin's first instinct was to go and speak to the little fellow, to ask about his father and mother; but then he remembered his words to Daisy—"I won't introduce myself to my nephew;" and he walked sternly on.

"Do you mind stopping a minute, please?" called out a sweet, rather peremptory childish voice from behind the bars.

"Certainly; can I do anything for you?" Martin replied. And now he walked straight up to the gate, and stood looking at the boy.

He was a fine little fellow of eight or nine years old, with bright blue eyes, and a quantity of brown curls. It was a

handsome, proud little face, more like the Dean than Mrs. Brett, but most like what the elder Martin himself had been as a boy.

"I only wanted to ask if you had seen a knife anywhere. A splendid knife with four blades. I dropped it somewhere in the Close the last time I was out—and it has not been found yet. They are all so busy; but I want my knife; it is so very useful, and papa gave it to me on my last birthday."

"Why don't you come out and look for it?" said Martin. "No, I have not seen it."

The child flushed up and answered: "Mamma does not like me to go about alone. She thinks I am too young. I don't agree with her. But I promised, you see, and one must keep one's promises—especially now that she is ill."

"Is she ill?" said Martin, almost fiercely.

"Why do you look like that?" asked the boy. "You don't know mamma."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Oh! she has been in bed for days and days. People are ill sometime, aren't they? I don't know what is the matter. They won't let me go into her room."

"Martin, Martin!" It was the Dean's voice calling from the house. The poor fellow who stood outside his gate fancied, at first, that the call was for him. He had almost answered it, almost put out his hand to lift the latch, when the little boy raced off, crying, "papa's calling me. Please look for my knife."

The elder Martin turned away, and walked down to the river.

That evening, and the next day, he asked for news of Mrs. Brett from several casual people, and at one or two of the shops near the Close. They told him she was very ill of fever, delirious, and not expected to recover.

An old woman, who sold fruit under the archway, seemed to know more than any one else, and spoke with more feeling;

she said Mrs. Brett had been a good friend to her. She told the sympathetic stranger that the Dean hardly ever left his wife's room, that it had been difficult to find any one to nurse her, as the fever was supposed to be catching—those were not the days of trained nurses—and that a lady in the neighborhood had driven in on Sunday afternoon and taken little Master Martin away, greatly to his indignation.

"He's a high-spirited little gentleman," said the old dame. "He's afraid of nothing, bless you. He wanted to sit up with his mamma, the cook told me. He'll grow up to be a fine soldiering gentleman, like his uncle, the Captain, as they talk of. But, maybe you've never heard tell of him; he's out in the Crimea."

"Is he?" said Martin, indifferently.

In the evening he went back to his old woman; she dried her eyes with her apron and told him that Mrs. Brett was dying. The doctor had been there, and said she could not live through the night. The old fruitseller was rather startled at the effect of this news.

The strange young man who had been talking to her walked straight away, and in another minute she saw him open the Deanery gate and disappear into the garden.

Martin would have found it difficult to give any very clear reason for what he was doing. Partly it was the necessity of finding out whether he was really and truly to lose his only friend; partly the feeling that, at such a moment, knowing her wishes, his brother could not be hard upon him; and partly, indeed, the less selfish thought that he might be of use; for in his rough soldier life he had seen a good deal of illness; and if all Daisy's neighbors were fools enough to be afraid of the fever—Martin would have been surprised, just then, if any one had reminded him that he was a coward!

He walked quickly up the broad drive to the door.

It was a calm, golden evening like that

one a week ago; and the old house in its quaint, old-world precincts, lay very silent; the cedars on the lawn threw great black shadows across the gold. The door was standing open; nobody was there; and Martin, after a moment's hesitation, walked straight into the house.

In the hall he stood still and listened; no sound; and then with quick, light steps he ran up-stairs. Of course, the house was quite unknown to him, and he now found himself in a long, carpeted passage with many doors. He went on slowly and noiselessly till near the end of the passage, along which the evening light was falling from a window to the west, a door opened suddenly and a woman came out. She almost screamed, but checked herself and stared at him.

"It's the Captain!" she exclaimed under her breath.

She was an old nurse of Daisy's who remembered him long ago.

He instantly wondered whether she had heard of his disgrace; and no one can tell the strange cheering and comfort that came to him as she went on to whisper her joy at seeing him, her sorrow that he should arrive at such a moment.

"But you will be a comfort to poor master!" she said. "I do all I can; but I'm not strong, you see, sir. You won't be afraid of the fever?"

"Of course not," said Martin, impatiently. "Where is he? Which is her room? It is not true? She is not really—dying?"

The old woman shook her head, and pointed to a door.

"Inside there," she said.

Martin went gently in, and she closed the door behind him. He found himself in a small ante-room, with a door, half open, leading into an inner room. He stood still, hesitating. At this moment he quite forgot his own disgrace, and how great a trial the meeting with his brother might be. His only thought was how not to startle him, or to break in upon him

too rashly in his sad watch beside his wife. Then to be of use to them both—that was the object in Martin's mind. As he stood there, suddenly Daisy's voice, sharp and trembling, came to him through the open door.

"I couldn't send him away, Henry. He is there, down at old Short's. A woman stopped me as I passed, and told me that her child had the fever. You see you have got a coward for a wife as well. But no one has a right to call Martin a coward. He told me all about it. It was panic—panic, do you understand? Isn't that possible? He was not afraid to come to you. He loves us all, and wants so much to be with us. Oh! I wish you would go and look for him. If you would once shake hands with him, he would never be a coward again—and the walk would do you so much good, dear!"

"Only go to sleep, my child," the Dean answered softly. "I will do anything you wish, if you will be quiet and go to sleep."

"You will fetch Martin!"

"Yes, yes; I will fetch Martin," he said.

Then there was silence. Presently Martin heard the Dean move across the room. He sighed wearily, and muttered to himself:

"This dreadful wandering! All imagination, of course. Poor darling! she can't get him out of her head. I wonder where he is, really!"

Then he pushed the ante-room door a little further, muttering, "More air!" and stood face to face with his brother.

The Dean turned white with surprise, and checked an exclamation, which might have been an angry one. For a moment they looked at each other silently, then Martin's eyes fell and he turned half away. This was far the most dreadful thing he had yet gone through; to look at that kind face, worn and aged by the last week's anxiety; to remember the old days when his brother pulled him out of every trou-

ble, and to feel that now his brother was ashamed of him, and that never, in this life or any other, could he have his old place again.

"How did you come here, Martin?" said the Dean, very gently.

"I found my way into the house, somehow," Martin answered. "I have been in this room a few minutes."

"Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes, some of it. She was not wandering, you know. It was true. Last Monday evening I met her out there in the Close. She would not let me come here, of course; but she told me not to go away at once—and now—I felt obliged to come. You will let me help you? I know a lot about nursing."

The Dean looked hard at Martin with those clear, handsome eyes of his which seemed to see through everything. He began in a doubtful tone, "You are not—" but never finished that sentence. He held out his hand, took Martin's hand and grasped it hard.

"Well, old fellow, come in," he said.

"If she knows you, she will be glad," and so Daisy's two tall nurses went quietly into her room.

The doctor said she was dying; she could not live through the night; and when he saw her, Martin thought so too. She made no sign of knowing him; she seemed to have fallen into a stupor. The evening faded; the darkness of night came on. Martin, the coward, watched with his brother through those long hours, expecting that every trembling breath of Daisy's would be her last.

### CHAPTER III.

ONE day in November the sun was shining softly down on the cloisters of the Cathedral, and on the green space they inclose, where some of those who used to live in the Cathedral shadow are laid in their last resting-place. On one of those graves lay something rather unusual; a

flat cross of red granite, only marked with initials—"M. B., 1855"; and then the words, "Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

In the stillness and the sunshine of that late autumn day, through the Deanery garden, under the great trees of the Close with their lingering yellow leaves, came the Dean with his wife and child. She was white and thin, a shadow of her former self, and leaned on her husband's arm. The boy walked beside them, his bright face rather graver than usual, for his father was talking to him, and he was listening eagerly. It was not long since he had been allowed to come back to them. They had been away at the sea since Mrs. Brett recovered from her fever, and it was not easy for the child, who had been parted from them, to understand all the story of those weeks.

"I have a message for you, Martin," said the Dean. "And first, do you know what this is?"

He took a knife out of his pocket and held it out to the boy.

"My knife!" cried Martin. "No, papa, it's not my knife; it is a nicer one."

"Do you remember telling somebody one day at the gate that you had lost your knife, asking him to look for it?"

"Oh! yes. He was a good sort of fellow. I liked his face. I seemed to know him. I have often thought of him since. He was in such a state because mother was ill, and he asked me why I didn't come out into the Close and look for my knife myself, but I couldn't, you know."

"Well, my boy," said the Dean, "this was his knife, and he asked me to give it to you."

"Oh! how splendid!" cried the small Martin, examining one blade after another. "But when did you see him? Where is he now?"

The Dean's blue eyes looked sad and strange as they followed a flight of birds across the sky past the great Cathedral tower.

"Where is he? He has gone away from us," he said. "He has been ordered home."

"What do you mean? Mamma, what does he mean?" exclaimed Martin, darting round to her and seizing her hand.

"Tell me," she said, looking down at him, and her eyes were very strange, too, "did you never wonder who he was, that kind man who talked to you?"

"Who was he? Who was he? I want to know. But what does papa mean, and where is he now? I should like to see him again."

"He was a soldier," said Mrs. Brett, "and you know his name very well. Listen, Martin—he had the same name as you, and he came home here just before I was ill, and after Mrs. Long had taken you away, for fear of the fever, he came and helped your father to nurse me. And he sat up with me night after night, and helped your father to do everything for me. He was not very strong—we found out afterward that he had gone through a great deal and had been very ill before he came to us. But he never thought of himself or of the danger of the fever; he gave his whole care and his whole strength to me; in fact, he kept me alive—he saved my life when the doctors had given me up over and over again. And then, when I was just a little better, he broke down—he took the fever himself, and in a few days he died, for he had no strength left to stand against it."

"O mother! he was a hero!" the boy cried, his blue eyes flashing.

A curious look passed over the Dean's face, but he said nothing.

"Well, and who has always been your hero?" asked Mrs. Brett.

"My chief hero of all? Uncle Martin, of course. It was Uncle Martin."

The little fellow turned quite pale, and bit his lips hard, squeezing his mother's hand. He had a horror of crying, and he would not cry; but he could not help the break in his voice when he said to her, a few minutes later:

"I did see him, you know, and he saw me. I expect he knew who I was, though I didn't know him. Of course he did, as he sent me his knife. It is a splendid treasure. But why didn't he come straight in, instead of standing at the gate?"

For a moment Martin had no answer to this. But then his father said, very gravely:

"I did not know that he had arrived in the town. He did not wish to take me by surprise. Further than that we can't explain."

They walked on through the cloisters and out across the green grass, in the soft sunshine, to Martin's grave. There they stood, looking down at the cross.

"But why didn't you put all his name, papa, and a lot more? Why didn't you put his regiment, and his battles, and all that, so that every one might know he was a hero?"

Little Martin looked injured, almost angry. His cheeks were flushed, and he was nearer crying than he had been before.

"Because I knew what he would wish," said the Dean.

"But he was a hero—he was, he was a hero. He was the finest man that ever lived, and you haven't even put his name!" and at last little Martin gave way; he flung himself down on the grass, with his face against the cold stone, and sobbed bitterly.

The Dean turned away in great pain.

"What can we do?" he said to his wife.

"Will he ever know the truth?"

"We must leave the future," Daisy whispered. "We must let him remember all that we want to remember ourselves. You and I must think of Martin as a hero—he gave his life for mine."

E. C. PRICE.

## THE ORPHAN OF IDAHO.\*

BY

ISADORE ROGERS,

### CHAPTER VII.

"DAISY," said Mrs. Dexter, one day, as she closed the book from which she had been reading aloud for their mutual entertainment, "did you know that Miss Lawson is going to marry Frederick Dale?"

"No," replied the girl, looking up incredulously.

"It is undoubtedly true," continued Mrs. Dexter, indifferently. "Mr. Lawson has taken a real liking for him, and situated as he is, business ability is greatly preferable to wealth. I am heartily glad of Frederick's good fortune, for Miss Lawson's inheritance and her father's influence combined with his own unexceptionable character, will restore him to the social position which he lost by his father's failure. He is an estimable young man and I am glad that he has at last met with the good fortune which he justly merits."

"I do not believe that Frederick would marry for mere wealth," replied Daisy, incredulously.

"You take it for granted that he is totally indifferent to her personal attractions," said Mrs. Dexter, in a tone of mild reproof, "you have not the least foundation upon which to base such a belief. She has more than an ordinary share of personal beauty, and all her natural charms are enhanced by every art of

adornment which wealth and taste command. Did you not observe how attentive he was to her on the evening of the reception which her father gave in his honor? Where are your eyes, my dear, that you imagine that Frederick Dale is not deeply in love with Miss Lorena Lawson?"

Daisy had observed that Miss Lawson had treated Frederick with especial kindness, and was grateful for it.

The heiress could afford to be independent, and besides, all the affections of her selfish heart were enlisted, and she supposed that she had only to appropriate him to herself, as she generally did any object which she desired, regardless of the rights or feelings of every one else.

And she imagined that she was harrowing the hearts of her former lovers, Claude Dixon and Mark Montgomery, when she saw them talking together with occasional glances toward the spot where she stood talking to Frederick in her most animated and winning way, but her vanity would have received a shock had she known their conversation.

"What a noble-looking fellow Frederick Dale is," remarked Claude Dixon, "but my life-long sympathy will go with him if he is caught in that net."

"She's fishing with a golden bait," replied Montgomery, "and if he can purchase luxury for his mother, and independence for himself, by forfeiting all

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hope of domestic happiness, his self-sacrificing disposition may impel him to do so, but in such a case what little happiness he may enjoy will be found outside the walls of his own home."

And Mrs. Dexter was all smiles and attention. She would give the young lady the encouragement of her approval.

But when Daisy passed them with a smile and a word of friendly greeting, there was something in the sympathetic glance, revealing the mutual pleasure of the meeting, that filled her suspicious soul with a fierce, unreasoning jealousy.

"And so I am not the only young lady among the *elite* who recognizes the true merit of Frederick Dale!" she reflected, her respect for him increasing with her knowledge of the high esteem in which he was held by other people, and from that moment there were two artful and designing women engaged in the work of creating an estrangement between the two who had been friends from early childhood.

It seemed as if a chain of circumstances similar to that which had led Daisy into her entanglement, was woven about Frederick.

The kindness of Mr. Lawson and his daughter could not be treated with ingratitude, or even indifference, and it seemed as if circumstances were continually arising which threw him into the young lady's society without any premeditation of his own, and as if to promote still more intimate relations, Mr. Lawson, having need of a thoroughly competent and trustworthy man, hired an assistant foreman, and took Frederick into his own private office at an advanced salary, though still leaving the most responsible part of the business in his care.

A mutual purpose made Miss Lawson and Mrs. Dexter friends, although there was but little congeniality between the young ladies, but Mrs. Dexter did not care for that.

One afternoon a card was handed to

Mrs. Dexter, bearing the name of J. N. Brener, of Idaho.

With a feeling of curiosity as to who the gentleman might be, she ordered the servant to show him into the parlor.

A rather good-looking young man was ushered into the room, and with a most profound and respectful bow, asked if he had the honor of addressing Mrs. Joseph Dexter.

He was very elegantly dressed, a magnificent diamond ring sparkled upon his finger, and a breastpin of the same costly material reflected a light dazzling to her eyes, an expensive gold chain and solid gold watch completed the list of his jewelry, while daintily held in his neatly gloved hand was a gold-headed cane of elaborate workmanship.

For a moment astonishment at the sight of this superbly dressed young man deprived Mrs. Dexter of the power of utterance. It was not until he had repeated his question that she found power to reply and to offer him a seat.

"You are undoubtedly surprised at my visit, madame," he said, politely. "You see by my card that I am from Idaho, but I regret to say that I am the bearer of bad news to the child whom, I am informed, you have so kindly adopted into your home."

"Concerning her father?" she asked, with an anxious fear lest the stranger should impart news of some illegal transaction upon Hilliard's part which would require some action upon their side to prevent exposure and consequent disgrace.

"He is dead!" said the young man, solemnly.

Mrs. Dexter could not repress a sigh of relief.

"I was with him at the last. He did not forget his daughter. For several months previous to his death he had been saving every dollar of his earnings, and only a few days before his demise he invested all his earthly possessions (with the exception of enough to pay the expense of

his burial), in a beautiful gold watch and chain to be presented to his daughter, and with his dying breath he exacted a promise that I would deliver it into her hands myself."

"How romantic," said Mrs. Dexter, who had been listening with breathless interest.

"Very much so," replied the young man, impressively, "and to convince you of the truth of my statements I will permit you to examine the watch for yourself," and Mr. Brener placed the exquisite piece of workmanship in her hands.

"*O the beauty!*" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, rapturously.

"You will perceive that he had her name engraven upon it so that she can always identify it," said the young man, explainingly.

"*Pure gold!* and such *exquisite* workmanship," exclaimed Mrs. Dexter.

"It would not have been worth his while to expend all his possessions in its purchase if it had not been of good material," said the young man.

"Will you call the little girl, that I may fulfill my promise by placing it in her hands myself?" he asked.

"My niece has gone from the house just now but will return in half an hour. If it will occasion no inconvenience to yourself, I shall be pleased to have you await her return," replied Mrs. Dexter.

He expressed his willingness to wait, and before the time had elapsed she had, by what she considered a very skillfully conducted conversation, elicited the very statements that he was most desirous of making, that is, that he was a junior partner in a wealthy mining company of which his father was president, that he was an only son and heir apparent to untold wealth in those profitable mines, and the watch, he assured her, was of solid gold, made from the precious metal which had been taken from the very mines in which he held an interest.

So carefully had Mrs. Dexter worded her inquiries that she did not suppose that

the young man even suspected that she was questioning him.

Her ambitious heart throbbed with exultation as she reflected:

"Another golden opportunity! How fortune does favor that perverse girl! And no disparity of age to interpose. There is positively nothing in the way now, unless it may be some lingering regard for Frederick Dale, but with Miss Lawson's help I can soon settle that."

Daisy made her appearance and the young man feigned great surprise at beholding a young lady when he had expected to find only a winsome little girl, for Mr. Hilliard always spoke of her as his little daughter.

"You forget that she has been with us for nearly twelve years," said Mrs. Dexter, smilingly.

"I knew nothing about it, but it is very evident that *you* have done a grand and noble work in transforming the little orphan into a thoroughly educated and accomplished young lady," he said, artfully.

"I have tried to do my duty, and I must admit that some credit is due to me, though, of course, I had good material to work upon," she answered.

"Miss Hilliard, I come to fulfill a promise made to your father, to place this watch and chain in your own hands. I regret to inform you that he is no more, but he invested all his earthly possessions in this present to his cherished daughter," he said, extending it toward her.

Daisy reached for it with a little quivering cry, such as her mother used to utter in her moments of distress and despair, and a feeling of yearning tenderness for the man who, in spite of all his seeming heartlessness, had not forgotten that she was his child.

"Observe what exquisite workmanship, my dear," said Mrs. Dexter, but Daisy read her name engraven upon the case, and cared for nothing only that she had been remembered in his last hours.

She could not restrain her filial tears

at the death of the man who had cared for her, rude as was the way, when there was none else to look to, and when, after having sufficiently overcome her emotions, she asked him questions concerning her father's illness, and at length inquired of other matters of her recollections of Idaho, he congratulated himself upon having thus far successfully accomplished his mission.

When she inquired about Tom Seward, she was informed that such a man had formerly been seen loitering about the mines, or hunting upon the mountain sides, but he had left that locality long ago.

Daisy was disappointed, for he was the only person who had ever cast a ray of sunshine across her darkened childhood through all those lonely years.

Mr. Brener was invited to make the Dexter residence his home during his stay in the city, but politely declining to trespass so far upon their hospitality, he said that he would be grateful for the privilege of being an occasional visitor while he remained for a few days, which would be occupied in transacting some business in the interest of Eastern capitalists who wished to invest in the mines.

A few days later, as Mrs. Dexter was looking over the morning papers she gave a little cry of surprise, and the next instant said, "Just listen, my dear," and proceeded to read:

"Among the important arrivals in our city is that of Mr. J. N. Brener, the owner of an extensive interest in the gold mines of Idaho.

"The wealth of these mines is positively fabulous, and lucky, indeed, is the man who is fortunate enough to own an interest in them. Mr. Brener discovered the richest deposit himself, and personally superintends the work of separating the ore from the rougher element by the mills kept constantly running for that purpose. If the yield continues, as it has done, Mr. Brener will eventually become the wealthiest man in America."

"Just think of it, Daisy," exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, "society is already on the *qui vive*, and every girl in the city will be anxious to make his acquaintance. *You* will have the first chance. I will immediately issue cards and give the first reception in his honor, and that will be the introduction of this most valuable acquisition to our circle. Daisy, you are the most fortunate girl in the world."

"I do not see how it concerns me," said the girl, indifferently.

"You *don't*, eh?" said Mrs. Dexter, petulantly. "Daisy Hilliard, can you see *anything*? Is your mental and intellectual vision completely obscured by folly and perversity? What do you suppose Miss Lawson would give to be free from her engagement with Frederick Dale and at liberty to enter the competing lists for this grand matrimonial prize?"

"How do you know that she is engaged to Frederick?" asked Daisy, for the first time manifesting an interest in her aunt's conversation.

Mrs. Dexter was convinced that it would be utterly useless to attempt any matrimonial ventures until Daisy was made to believe that Frederick Dale was lost to her forever.

"How do I know?" she repeated. "Miss Lawson just as good as admitted it herself, and the rumor has been afloat for some time. I do not sympathize with her very much; she was too hasty, but then, my dear, I don't know as you would have any reason to fear her rivalry; you are in every way superior to her, even your fortune will be almost equal to her own, provided you do not marry against our wishes, for it is understood that you will inherit my own private fortune in addition to that of your uncle, and this, united with Mr. Brener's mining interests, will make you the wealthiest couple in the city if not in the United States."

"If Miss Lawson is engaged to Frederick Dale he can have the satisfaction of knowing that she will marry him for himself

and not for the money that he will bring," said Daisy, with an effort that Mrs. Dexter was quick to understand.

"Yes; true enough," said Mrs. Dexter, "some girls can afford to throw themselves away upon impecunious laborers, but no girl of mine shall ever be guilty of so ungrateful an act."

"Miss Lawson is not mercenary, at least, and if there is anything for which I can respect her it is for her ability to recognize manly worth as a quality not necessarily allied to wealth; for, I care not who hears me, I say that whether in poverty or luxury, Frederick Dale is the equal of any man in the United States," said Daisy, positively.

"Oh! he is well enough as a man of sense, but where is the brilliancy of marrying a laboring man in a factory? Would it create any envious feelings in the hearts of one's friends when such an announcement appeared in the papers? There would be no enthusiastic descriptions of the elegance of the bride's dress, nor the brilliancy of the affair throughout, only a quiet wedding, and after that a gradual sinking into mere common-place people," said Mrs. Dexter.

"I should not marry for the purpose of creating envy in the hearts of my associates, and I should define a marriage based upon mutual love and congeniality, unbiassed by worldly considerations, as a happy exchange of the tinsel and glitter of fashionable life, for the serene and perfect joys of domestic happiness, where two could be blissfully content, without the aid of fashionable excitement to keep life from becoming monotonous," said Daisy, positively.

"Oh! well! define it in any way that is most satisfactory to yourself; as long as you have a thorough understanding of your duty in this direction, I shall not complain," said Mrs. Dexter, indifferently.

"I do not believe that Frederick is engaged to Miss Lawson," thought Daisy, but she made no reply.

Mrs. Dexter's reception given in Mr. Brener's honor was one of the most brilliant of the season. The young man was the lion of the hour, and as his most especial attentions were bestowed upon her niece, Mrs. Dexter was blissfully, triumphantly happy, or would have been were it not that she knew that Daisy regarded the young man and his supposed fortune with perfect indifference, and this exasperating fact was as evident to him as was her aunt's anxiety, and recognizing the fact that his ultimate success must depend upon her, constantly complimented and flattered her, giving her credit for all Daisy's abilities and accomplishments, in fact, paying his addresses where he knew they were acceptable. He prolonged his stay longer than he had at first expressed his intention, and every week appeared in the papers some flattering notice of the young capitalist, and when he considered his reputation sufficiently established, he made a proposal for Daisy's hand to Mrs. Dexter herself, acknowledging her supreme right, even greater than that of a parent, since she had faithfully fulfilled a mother's duties, without the obligations of that sacred relationship. Mrs. Dexter was jubilant. Here, she reflected, was a matrimonial prize even greater than Judge Corwin himself, and no disparity of age for Daisy to urge as an objection, but Mr. Brener was young, handsome, and wealthy, everything that a young lady could desire, and with Frederick well out of the way, there would be no obstacle to interfere with the consummation of her dearest wishes. With a heart beating triumphantly, she summoned Daisy to her presence.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, rapturously, "Mr. Brener has made a formal proposal for your hand! Just think of the ripple which the announcement of your engagement will create in the social element, and not the slightest objection to the man—young, handsome, and prepossessing, with a princely fortune at his com-

mand, why, Daisy, you are the most fortunate girl in the world!"

"Considered from a worldly point of view, Mr. Brener is, as far as we know, unexceptional, but we have only his word and the little information which our limited acquaintance has given us in regard to his true character, and how do we know that he is what he claims to be?" asked the girl, thoughtfully.

"Daisy Hilliard, how unreasonable!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, impatiently. "Is not the watch with your name engraven upon it sufficient proof that he came from the part of the country from which he claims? Is not the suggestive fact that your father intrusted that valuable watch and chain to his care, sufficient evidence of honesty and reliability? And just think of what you have read in the papers of him and the Idaho mines; there is no room for doubt; and then the honorable manner in which he came to me acknowledging my right in such a frank and manly manner, instead of trying to win your affections first, regardless of any other rights. It is proof enough for any reasonable person."

"Well, Aunt Josephine, admitting the truth of all you believe, should not congeniality, similarity of taste, and a mutual happiness in each other's society be taken into consideration? When two persons are about to enter into an agreement to pass the greater part of their lives in each other's presence, they ought certainly to feel confident that they would find their greatest happiness in this companionship," said the girl, earnestly.

"Daisy Hilliard, you exhaust my patience entirely. Such perfect harmony as your romantic fancies demand are seldom found in this age of the world, nor is it required. It is not necessary to a woman's happiness that she should be constantly in love with her own husband, since society supplies all that may be lacking at home. You will find companionship, congeniality, everything need-

ful in the social element, everything *excepting* wealth and position, and since they are the essential elements, which society cannot and will not supply, it is an *imperative necessity* that they should be secured in the marriage contract," said Mrs. Dexter, very decisively.

"Aunt Josephine, you reason from a false standpoint," said the young girl, with an eager earnestness. "The theories which you advocate have been practically enforced, often against the wishes of the youthful contracting parties themselves, until the sanctity of home has been subverted and this only true emblem of Heaven has been shaken, impaired, and threatened in its holy foundation of mutual love and congeniality upon which every home should be built, until they are only exceptional cases. I do not condemn the great institution of social intercourse, I regard it as an inconceivable blessing, but I do object to its false views, which have a continual tendency to substitute worldly and mercenary motives for the holy and sacred considerations which should form the foundation of every union."

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, persuasively, "you must take the world as it is, not as it ought to be. You cannot revolutionize the world, and you *must* not allow your romantic fancies to interfere with your future welfare. If within the next four weeks you see no prospect of a better or happier alliance, I shall expect you to return Mr. Brener a favorable answer. You must not reject fortune's choicest gifts because they do not accord with your romantic views of unattainable perfection."

Daisy was silent, because she knew that argument was useless, but she reflected:

"There *is* sympathy, harmony, and congeniality in the world, and if every person understood his or her own nature, an intelligent use of the faculties which the Creator has bestowed would refine, beautify, and exalt every home. But how is

reform to begin if those who do understand and try to live in accordance with higher convictions are pushed back into the old stream of selfishness and compelled to unite with the throng who are daily perpetuating the world's misery by sacrificing their own happiness at the command of those who have power to compel?"

Mrs. Dexter dropped the subject for this time, trusting to other influences to impel her niece toward a voluntary sacrifice of her own inclinations, and when, a few hours later, Miss Lawson called she hailed her coming as a most opportune circumstance.

She greeted the young lady most cordially, and after conversing for awhile upon various topics, she asked:

"Are we to congratulate you?"

"Not yet," replied Miss Lawson, stealing a furtive glance at Daisy, whose eyes were at that moment fixed upon her face with an inquiring expression.

"Don't mention it, please, Mrs. Dexter; though, of course, I don't mind telling you, we are not ready to make our engagement public just yet. Papa has some plans in regard to Mr. Dale's future which must be put in execution first, and then I will tell you all about it. I would not have confided so much to any other, but I knew that you are not given to gossip."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Dexter, benignly, "and in return for your confidence I will tell you that Daisy's engagement, like your own, is a secret as yet, but it is all owing to her own reserve in wishing to withhold it from the public. Mr. Brener would announce it at once if she would give him permission."

A sudden pallor had crept over Daisy's face, which both ladies were slyly watching, and Mrs. Dexter felt that the greatest impediment to the consummation of her wishes was in a fair way to be removed, and Miss Lawson took her departure, congratulating herself with a malicious triumph upon having given the young girl

an impression that would prevent her from encouraging any manifestations of preference upon Frederick's part.

"Frederick Dale has done the most sensible thing that a young man in his position possibly could do," said Mrs. Dexter, after furtively watching her niece for some moments after Miss Lawson's departure.

"Sold himself for money?" asked the girl, in a short, dissenting manner.

"Why, Daisy, how unjust you are," said Mr. Dexter, expostulatingly. "Frederick Dale is by far too honorable a man to offer his hand where he could not bestow his heart, and you may be certain that when he asked her to marry him, he was truly in love with her or he would not have made such a proposal."

Daisy did not reply, but feeling as if she could not listen to another word, she retired to her own room at the first opportune moment. Miss Lawson's work was only half accomplished.

"Did you know that Miss Hilliard is engaged to that wealthy gentleman from Idaho?" she asked, at the first opportunity that she could obtain of having any conversation with Frederick.

"I did not; but how did you learn?" he asked, incredulously.

"Mrs. Dexter told me," she replied, carefully scanning his features to note the effect of her words.

In spite of his utmost efforts his features paled, and there was a perceptible tremor in his tones as he asked:

"Did Miss Hilliard herself say anything about it?"

"Mrs. Dexter told me in her presence, and she gave a silent affirmation," replied the young lady, with a fierce anger surging through her heart as she observed the effect of her words. "The engagement is not made public. Mrs. Dexter has some reason for delaying it. Miss Hilliard is a lovely girl, and I am not surprised at the choice of the wealthy young miner. Miss Hilliard is naturally reticent, but it

is evident to almost any observer that she positively adores him, and I wish her every happiness."

"She is deserving of every happiness," he answered, quietly, and as soon as was consistent with politeness he withdrew from her presence.

"What right have I to care? I had no claim," he said over and over again, but in spite of its apparent inconsistency, every thought of advancement in his prospects, every hope of ultimately rising to a higher position had been linked with thoughts of her, and unreasonable as it might be, he felt as if he had been robbed of every hope of earthly happiness.

Meanwhile, faithful Tom Seward had watched and waited long for an answer to his letter, and finally laboriously penned another which found its way into the hands of the elder Brener in a manner similar to the fate of the first epistle.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, one morning, here is a note sent you by Mr. Brener. There is to be a grand excursion on the lake, and he wishes you to go. I think I will order a new dress for you."

"O Aunt Josephine! *don't*. Let me stay at home in peace, I am so tired of being hurried from one scene of festivity to another, that I feel as if I could not tolerate another one," she said, petulantly.

"What a strange girl," said Mrs. Dexter, teasingly, "you cannot help knowing that you are an object of both admiration and envy whenever you are abroad with Mr. Brener for an escort, and it is past my comprehension that you are the only one who cannot appreciate the situation."

"I could appreciate a little rest in the quietude of home if you would only permit me. I don't want to go," she answered, almost fretfully.

"Why, Daisy, you are positively irritable," said Mrs. Dexter, expostulatingly, "but you really must go this time, only a few of the most select are invited, and Mr. Brener will be greatly disappointed if you are not among them."

And so the next three weeks went by while Daisy grew pale and listless, and went into society all the time under protest, but she went, however, for she knew there would be no peace at home if she remained against her aunt's wishes.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, one morning, "did you know that Frederick Dale and Miss Lawson are to be married next month?"

"No," answered the girl, briefly.

"It is true," continued Mrs. Dexter, "Miss Lawson confided the whole affair to me when I went to call upon her this morning. It seems that there has been some delay upon account of business matters, but he insists so urgently upon an early day that she has finally consented. Well, I congratulate him. Now he will be restored to the position for which he was designed both by nature and education, but Miss Lawson's engagement will not create the sensation that yours will when it is publicly announced."

Daisy did not reply, but she withdrew to escape any further conversation upon the subject.

Mrs. Dexter said no more on that day, but upon the following morning she resumed the topic.

"Daisy," she said, "Mr. Brener's affairs will not permit him to remain much longer in this place, and he desires an answer within the next ten days. It will be necessary for him to return to Idaho after the wedding, but your bridal tour will extend to San Francisco. Now, my dear, do be reasonable, and return a favorable answer without delay. Please *don't* thwart me in all my cherished plans for your welfare, and scatter all my projects to the winds through your girlish perversity. I have been patient and forbearing with you always. I have set aside my own wishes for your gratification. I have denied myself often and often for your sake, and now when there is no better opportunity for you, no better man for you to marry, and no prospect that

there ever will be, why can't you, why *won't* you, set aside your own romantic and illusive theories and trust to my more mature judgment to secure your welfare?"

"No better man for me to marry, and no prospect that there ever will be," reflected Daisy, hopelessly. "Perhaps she is right, and what do I care for any man now? She never will let me rest quietly at home; no sooner will I get rid of this one than she will find another with whom to torment me, and if I cannot be happy, perhaps the next best thing that I can do will be to make her happy. I do not care what becomes of me, anyway, and I do not believe that Mr. Brener is of a nature to be very seriously affected by my indifference. I would gladly have lived to a higher, holier, and more harmonious life, but if they will not let me, if all my better nature is crushed and overpowered, if life's delicious fruits have been snatched away and only dry husks left for me, I must accept them. Aunt Josephine," she said, in a hopeless, despairing tone, "I will give Mr. Brener a final answer within the time stipulated."

"My dear girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, delightedly, "it will be a favorable answer, of course."

"I don't know; I guess so," replied the girl, with despairing indifference.

"O you dear child! you are not ungrateful, after all! all my care and trouble will be rewarded by the sensation which this announcement will create, and the splendor of the festivities shall be equaled only by the brilliancy of the conquest which you have made. But bless me! child, how pale you are! how long have you felt this indisposition?" continued Mrs. Dexter, in a tone of alarm.

"I am not ill, but I will go to my own apartments. All I need is rest and quietude," replied the girl, wearily, and, rising, in spite of her aunt's protestations, she left that lady to her own happy reflections.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE days went slowly by and Daisy was so languid and listless, so utterly devoid of spirit or interest in anything that, in spite of her protestations that she was not ill, Mrs. Dexter summoned the family physician.

"I am *not* ill; I have no pain, and you can see for yourself that I have no fever," she said, almost irritably, in reply to the physician's questioning.

"But, doctor, she *certainly is* ailing; she is not herself at all; she moves about the house like a shadow in such a languid, listless manner, and I have not heard her laugh for days," protested Mrs. Dexter, anxiously.

"Well, well," said the old physician, reflectively, "perhaps she needs fresh air. I am going out into the country a few miles and will take her along with me if she wishes to go."

"O doctor! it is not that at all. Mr. Brener offered to take her to ride not an hour ago," said Mrs. Dexter, anxiously.

"Oh! well, that's no sign; girls don't always want a sentimental young fellow hanging about them. I'll wager my reputation that she'd enjoy a ride with a sensible old man like me twice as well. So get your bonnet and come along, child," he said, turning from Mrs. Dexter's anxious face to the girl's listless one.

There was something so strengthening in the doctor's fatherly, cheering way, that Daisy felt as if a ride with him out along the cool country lanes would be an actual relief, and in a moment she was ready to accompany him.

Along the pleasant country roads they went inhaling the odors of the clover-fields, listening to the twitterings of the birds or the sound of the reapers, watching the farmers at work in the harvest-fields, while the sensible conversation of the fatherly man at her side gave her a feeling of rest and content that she had not experienced before for a long time.

"My child," he said, at length, "there

is something ailing you ; now tell me truly what it is."

For a moment she fixed her soulful eyes upon his face with all that pathetic, trouble-haunted expression looking out from their depths, but reading only help and sympathy in the kindly eyes looking pityingly upon her face, she said:

"Doctor, is there mention made in any of your medical works, or have you ever found in all the long years of your practice, or encountered, in palace, home, or humble cot, a disease that you might define *heart hunger*?"

The learned man regarded her steadily for a moment, then said:

"A mere child has given it a name at last! Have I ever encountered it? Often, and often. I've seen it in the faces of little children who looked up to me in comfortless tenement houses or foundling hospitals. I've seen it in the faces of despairing women whose husbands had not fulfilled the lover's promises, and I've read it in the faces of strong men whose earnest hearts were left empty by the weakness of vain and frivolous wives, but I never knew by what name to call it until now! Heart hunger! *heart hunger*! It is the very worst enemy that's known to all the world of medical science. But surely, child, one so young, so fair, and so favored cannot already be suffering from that insidious malady? Tell me all about it, daughter. How can you, who rumorsays are about to marry the great matrimonial prize about whom all the other girls are fairly distracted, know aught of this foe to earthly happiness? You surely cannot have been disappointed, for there is not a young man in the city whom you could not call to your feet if by a word or smile you made him know that he would be accepted."

She did not reply.

"Tell me, daughter," he said, "would you prefer love in a cottage to the glitter of gold and its attendant ease, and is the choice denied you?"

"I would be happier with only the bare necessities of life, with love and harmony, than with the wealth of the Indies, with one for whom I do not care and whom I would not wish to wrong by accepting," she said, earnestly.

"Then why don't you summon to your side the youthful companion who could help you to solve life's problems as readily as he did the mathematical ones encountered in your school-girl days, and as willingly, too?" he asked.

"Doctor, you know not what you say. Frederick Dale is to marry Miss Lawson next month," she answered, drearily.

"Who told you so?" he questioned, doubtfully.

"Miss Lawson told Aunt Josephine," she replied.

"Another sacrifice to mammon, if it is true," said the doctor; "but I wonder that a man of his discrimination does not understand human nature better, for with her unreasoning jealousy and uncertain temper, she would almost drive an angel into purgatory to escape her. This is a departure from his usually sound judgment."

The doctor was silent for a few moments, then he asked:

"Are you really engaged to Mr. Brener?"

"I am not," she answered. "I have promised to give him an answer soon, but I shall wrong him by accepting, and Aunt Josephine by refusing, so between them both I know not what to do."

"You are taking into consideration two persons who have no right to be considered, and leaving out the only one whom it is your duty to regard in this matter. Mr. Brener is abundantly able to look out for his own interests, and if I am any judge of human nature his own personal happiness will be the principal object of his concern through all the years of his life, so that relieves you of all responsibility as far as he is concerned, and it is not your Aunt Josephine's life that you contemplate linking with his, so

the only question for you to decide is whether a union with him will promote your own happiness or not. Mr. Brener has already decided the matter concerning himself, so don't be in a hurry to promise, until your own heart tells you that he is the man with whom you would be happier than with any other earthly companion," said the doctor, earnestly.

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"What in the name o' common sense is the reason that them folks don't answer my letter?" asked Tom Seward of himself over and over again as the weeks drifted by and still no reply.

"Whar in thunder has that young scoundrel, Josh Brener, gone to?" he soliloquized, as a vague idea that he was gone upon some errand of mischief floated through his mind. "But he couldn't have anything to do with this matter, he didn't even know where she lives," he finally concluded, though the failure to receive an answer troubled him sorely.

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"My dear, have you forgotten that to-morrow is the day upon which you were to give Mr. Brener the answer that will make him the happiest of all men?" asked Mrs. Dexter, one morning, as her niece sat idly looking out from the parlor window.

"No, Aunt Josephine, but I wish I could forget it; it is more for your gratification than for his own that I am going to marry him. I am doing this to please you, and I shall tell him so, and then if he chooses to take me after that, I am ready," she answered, moodily.

"O you singular child! but he won't believe it; he will know better, but he will attribute it to your girlish romance; but if I really believed that you were accepting him merely to please me, I should say that you were proving your gratitude at last, and I am so thankful that you have concluded to set aside your romantic fancies and take a sensible view

of the matter. My dear, you do not know how happy you have made me. Mr. Brener will call at ten precisely, and immediately after his departure I will order your bridal outfit and make out a list of invitations."

"Don't mention the subject to me again to-day, Aunt Josephine, if you can possibly help it," she said, with a nervous irritability of manner totally unlike her natural self, and rising abruptly she left the house and walked out upon the lawn, and wandered among the trees with an intense longing to escape from herself and all the rest of the world.

She paused at length, and stood near the boundary of her uncle's grounds, looking out upon the shaded alley, half inclined to spring over the inclosure and speed away, she cared not whither.

"Tell ye a story, little one? Of course, I will."

Where had she heard that voice? It floated across her imagination like some half-forgotten memory of the long ago, and with an eager, inquiring gaze, she looked over the inclosure surrounding the grounds. A child apparently about six years of age stood near, with bright eyes, beaming with a childish interest, and tangled hair falling from beneath her hat around the dimpled shoulders, with her gaze fixed inquiringly upon the face of some person whom the shrubbery concealed from Daisy's view.

"I used to tell stories to a little girl no bigger than you, but she lived away off in Idaho in a little log-cabin on the mountain side, built up out o' the streams and freshets, and she had the sweetest face, when it was clean, and the purtiest eyes, a shinin' like stars, only they always looked so sorrowful and pleadin' like, that it would bring your tears to see her, and she was always a sayin', 'I want a mother, Oh! I *do* want a mother!'"

In an instant Daisy had cleared the inclosure with something of her old agility, and a moment later her arms were around

the neck of her childhood's friend, and her rosy cheek pressed against the bronzed and sunburned face.

"O Tom! you *dear, old faithful friend*, I have never forgotten the story that you told me of the angel that came and carried the lonely little one across the hills and vales to find a mother, and I owe everything, even Aunt Josephine's care and kindness, to you, who sent me to her. Where and what would I have been, had it not been for you?" and the grateful tears gushed from her eyes at the recollection of the disinterested kindness of the unselfish mountaineer.

"You're my little mountain Daisy still," he said, returning her hearty greeting, and brushing his sleeve across his eyes. "I didn't know I'd find ye. I didn't know but what the city life and trainin' might make ye ashamed of ever havin' known an old mountain bear like me, and I've been watchin' this house ever since early this mornin', to see ye alone, so I needn't make ye ashamed before anybody."

"O Tom! how could you believe me so ungrateful?" she asked, reproachfully.

"I didn't think but what you'd be glad to see me, but I didn't know what kind of ideas might have been taught ye, and I knew that if *you* wasn't ashamed o' me, other folks might be," he said, explainingly.

Daisy could not help feeling that he was partly right, for she was not positively certain that her aunt would recognize this rough diamond, devoid of a gold setting.

"Come into the inclosure, Tom, and we will sit down and talk as we used to," she said, leading the way to a quiet corner where they might visit undisturbed.

"Did you get either of my letters?" he asked, after he had settled himself comfortably upon a rustic seat, and commented upon the beauty of the place.

"No," she answered, "I never knew that you had written."

"Then you don't know that your father is dead?"

"Yes, Mr. Brenner is here, directly from that neighborhood, and he brought the information," she replied.

"What! not Josh Brenner!" exclaimed Tom, while his eyes dilated with astonishment.

"He gave his name as Mr. Joshua Brenner," she answered, quietly.

"What in the name of the *devil* is he here fer?" asked Tom, with increasing astonishment.

"He had business in this part of the country, and came this way to bring me the gold watch and chain left me by my father. Poor father, I prize the gift, but hope he did not deprive himself of any comfort to purchase it, as I fear he did, since it was all the property that he possessed at the time of his death," she said.

Tom Seward had risen to his feet and stood looking at the girl in speechless amazement.

"What is the matter, Tom?" she asked.

"Well, *I swear!*" was his only response.

"Oh! no, you mustn't, Tom; gentleman don't in this part of the country," she said, laughingly.

"How long has he been here?" he asked, without heeding her admonition.

"About three months," she answered.

"What business does he claim to have?" he asked.

"He owns extensive interests in the gold mines," she replied.

"*Extensive interests in he-ll!*" fairly roared Tom, in his astonishment. "But what in the name of all that's glorious, is he hangin' around here for?"

Daisy did not reply.

"Go and git that watch, gal, and don't let a livin' soul know that I'm here," he commanded.

Daisy obeyed.

"He took it and examined it carefully."

"Yes, I know right where 'twas made," he said, in a puzzled way, "and here's your name, there's no doubt but that the watch is yours, but I never saw it before, and Josh Brener is the last man on earth that I'd 'a' s'posed he'd 'a' trusted it with. By heavens, girl! he never did trust him with it; I don't know how he got possession of it, unless he stole it, and the worthless coyote is none too good, but I never heard Jack mention it, and I thought I knowed all about his business."

Tom reflected for a few moments. "Daisy, is this fellow trying to persuade you to marry him?" he asked, excitedly. She hesitated.

"Tell me the truth, girl!" he commanded.

"Yes," she answered.

"You aint married already?" he gasped, turning pale with excitement.

"No," she replied.

"But you was goin' to marry him?"

"I promised to give him a final answer to-morrow," she said.

Tom drew a long inspiration of relief. "Thank God, I aint too late!" he said, fervently. "Daisy Hilliard, do you know that your father left you a fortune of about two millions?"

"Why, no!" she said, in a tone of amazement. "Mr. Brener said that all his earthly possessions were invested in that watch."

"He lied like the devil, and he knew it," said Tom, walking about excitedly. "When will he come to see you again?"

"To-morrow at ten o'clock," she answered.

"Don't tell a livin' soul that I'm here, but let me be in the parlor when he comes, will you?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom, and if you can help me, I shall be very grateful."

"I'll do it; and I want you to look him square in the face when his eyes first light on me," he said.

Tom departed, and with a strange feeling of excitement Daisy was about to

return to the house, when a servant handed her a letter.

She trembled violently as her eyes fell upon the once familiar superscription. It was Frederick's writing.

Hastily retreating to an obscure corner of the grounds, she read:

"DAISY:—My ever cherished friend, I am not engaged to Miss Lawson, neither have I ever contemplated such an event. There is only one in the whole world whom I would care to call my own. You know what my home is, and what my prospects are; if you *really would* prefer love in a cottage to indifference in a palace, come and share my home such as it is, with me, and with mother. I should have spoken long ago had I been able to offer you the wealth that others were ready, willing, and anxious to lavish upon you, but you will undoubtedly be disinherited in the event of a marriage with me, and if you can be content with the humble home which is all I am able to offer you, my labors can provide comfort, but not splendor, and I assure you that every energy and ability with which my manhood is endowed shall be devoted to the object of perpetuating your happiness. I need not say more. My Daisy, you know and understand me, will you come?"

"Yours with life-long devotion,

"FREDERICK DALE."

"Every cloud is being dispelled from my sky!" she exclaimed, joyously. "Now I prize my fortune, since it can be shared with him. I could be content forever in that quiet cot, and willingly exchange the glitter and gleam, and wearying sound of excitement for that peaceful home, but Frederick and his mother shall enjoy the luxury and independence which my fortune can secure. And yet, I would have been glad to have proved my own worthiness by accepting adverse circumstances as nobly as he did, and thereby exalting womanhood as he did manhood, in the unselfish life he led, but I am content as it is."

For a few moments she sat lost in the contemplation of the new pathway that seemed opening before her, then came the thought of her aunt and her ambitious plans.

"What a disappointment it will be to her. Even now she may be making out her list of invitations," she thought.

She went to the parlor where her aunt was wont to sit, and found Mrs. Dexter pencil in hand as she had expected.

"Why, Daisy, how changed you look!" she exclaimed. "That pallor is all gone, your cheeks are glowing, and there is an actual sparkle in your eyes."

The girl laughed nervously.

"I see how it is," she said, assuringly. "You feel so much better since making up your mind to do right."

"I believe I do. I am almost happy!" replied the girl, while the glow of excitement deepened the tinge of her cheeks.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Dexter, fervently.

Daisy dispatched a note to Frederick which contained only the following words:

"MY BEST AND DEAREST FRIEND:—  
Come to-morrow evening.

"DAISY."

On the following morning, Tom Seward promptly made his appearance half an hour before Mr. Brener was expected, and was admitted by Daisy herself. She introduced him to her aunt with the explanation that he was a partner in the mining business, an old acquaintance of her own, and had learned from her that Mr. Brener was in the city, and would remain until the young gentleman came.

"Mr. Brener's partner," said Mrs. Dexter, drawing her own conclusions. "And you did not expect him to remain in this city so long? well, he has been unexpectedly detained," she continued, with a meaning glance at Daisy.

"Yes, ma'am; I expect so," replied Tom.

"Mr. Brener will be completely sur-

prised, he was not expecting Mr. Seward," said Daisy.

"Oh! I do enjoy surprises, I will introduce him to you," exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, delightedly.

With a nervous excitement betraying itself in every expression, the girl awaited the young man's coming.

Promptly at the appointed time he was announced. He came in wearing his diamond pin and ring as usual, and dressed, if possible, with more than ordinary elegance. He bowed to the ladies with his most complacent smile, then turning, as he observed the presence of another party, he recognized Tom Seward.

Not a word had been uttered save the greeting given by the ladies, but his face grew white as death, and Mrs. Dexter, with the air of one who is about to give a pleasant surprise, introduced Mr. Seward, but the expectant smile fled from her lips as she observed the pallor of the young man's countenance, in place of the pleasure which she had expected to see.

Tom rose, and bowed with cool composure, while Brener's pallor gave place to a livid hue, as he observed the eyes of the ladies fixed inquiringly upon him.

He bowed in acknowledgment of Seward's presence and sank into a seat, as Tom said, like a captured coyote.

"Mr. Seward is directly from your neighborhood," said Mrs. Dexter, not knowing what else to say.

"Oh! yes, he knows me," said Tom, "but maybe he's too proud to recognize me in such fine company."

"I'm glad to see you, I am sure," said Brener, with an effort to smile.

"You look like it," said Tom; "but come, brace up and be sociable, and not set there and smile as if you'd been kicked in the stomach by a Texas pony. The little gal, here, knowed me the minit she set eyes on me, and actually threw her arms around my neck, which is more'n I think she'd do for you."

Mr. Brener wiped the perspiration from

his forehead, and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Seward, for not recognizing you at once, our acquaintance was very limited, you know."

"Why, Josh, you did know me, you couldn't help it, though I wasn't as good a customer as a good many others, but I've seen you behind the bar, selling beer and whisky to your father's customers a thousand times. He did a pretty thriving trade there for awhile, but the gambler's business aint so good as it was, and the temperance move that's sweepin' over the country threatens even that stronghold of iniquity, and the old man's had a good deal of bad luck since you left. That mortgage that he give to satisfy his bondsmen when he was arrested that time has been closed, and its agoin' to take everything to keep him out o' prison," said Tom, speaking in an unembarrassed, matter-of-fact way, as if he was merely relating the neighborhood news for Mr. Brener's entertainment.

Mrs. Dexter sat listening with a countenance upon which horror and amazement struggled for the mastery, while for the first time in her life she forgot to adhere to the strict formula of good breeding, and stared at Mr. Brener in speechless amazement, as that gentleman's countenance underwent as many changes as it was possible for a human face to assume. The lashing was too severe, and making a desperate effort to appear self-possessed, he rose to his feet, saying, "Ladies, who is this man that is permitted to come into your house and insult me in this unwarrantable manner?"

"I can tell you," said Seward, coolly. "I was Jack Hilliard's partner in the mining business at the time of his death. His interest amounts to about two million dollars, which Daisy inherits. She's an heiress, do you understand, madame? and this is the son of a man who had lost his ill-gotten gains by a criminal transaction, and sent his son here to recruit his finances by marrying this girl and getting

possession of her two millions. Don't take my word for it, madame, my story will keep; telegraph back to Idaho and learn the truth of it," he said, addressing Mrs. Dexter, but that lady had fainted.

Seeing the utter hopelessness of the case, Mr. Brener had presence of mind enough to remember the price that he had paid for the watch, and turning to Daisy in a voice trembling with rage and disappointment, he said, "Since you are so ready to believe every passing tramp in preference to myself, be kind enough to return to me the watch and chain with which I presented you."

"What!" thundered Seward, advancing a step toward him, "scare the women folks out o' their senses, and then rob this girl of the watch that her father bought on purpose for her, and her name on it, too? Git out o' this house on double quick time or I'll have you arrested."

Completely thwarted, and knowing that it would be unsafe to remain, Brener retreated from the premises.

"Is it true?" gasped Mrs. Dexter, as she slowly returned to consciousness.

"If it aint, Josh Brener will stay right here and have the matter investigated; if not, he will skip before there's time to make any inquiries," said Tom.

"Oh! how could I have been so cruelly deceived; and how near you came to being sacrificed by this dreadful imposition. Oh! I feel as if I had miraculously escaped from the very brink of destruction. How terribly humiliating it will be when our clique finds out the truth. We shall be looked upon with malicious derision by the very people who have so long regarded us with jealous envy," and Mrs. Dexter burst into a hysterical fit of weeping.

"What in thunder is the use o' tellin' it to your click, as you call it? Josh won't tell it, and I won't, and they do say a woman can keep a secret when she really sets herself about it," said Tom.

"True enough," said Mrs. Dexter, looking up hopefully, "and people will think

that you rejected him, and he left from sheer disappointment, not finding any other lady whom he would be willing to wed."

"That's it, exactly, madame. You fashionable women know just how to fix things up when you once git hold of the right idea," said Tom, approvingly.

"Daisy, you don't look a bit disappointed," exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, indignantly.

The girl laughed a merry, gladsome laugh, considering the apparently distressing circumstances.

"Aunt Josephine, I intended to marry Mr. Brener solely to please you; now will you permit me to marry the man of my choice without a protest?" she asked.

"He is poor," replied Mrs. Dexter, the old spirit of pride uprising in spite of her distress.

"S'posen he is?" said Tom, "aint she the heiress of nigh unto two millions, and aint that money enough for anybody?"

"And people would say that you married Fred for himself alone! Well, the fact of your inheritance will give *eclat* enough to the occasion, anyhow, and you tried to please me. Yes, suit yourself."

"That's the ticket, madame," said Tom.

Frederick came in answer to her summons.

"Daisy," he said, as she extended her hand with the joyous light of welcome beaming from every feature, "you have summoned me to tell me that you resign wealth and splendor to share my humble home."

"Yes, Fred, willingly, joyously, and I would gladly share your labors also. I can learn to do all that women do who exalt their womanhood by useful lives while walking side by side with noble and honorable men," she answered.

"I appreciate your noble sentiments, but if I had not believed myself able to provide comfortably for you I should not have made this proposal. But when Dr. Breinar told me that you enter-

tained sentiments similar to my own, I resolved to learn the truth from you, and no act of mine shall ever give you cause to repent if you are quite sure that you are willing to resign the splendor of your former surroundings for my sake," he said, earnestly.

"O Fred! you do not know how gladly I would have made the exchange, but not even this small sacrifice will be required. Fred, I am so glad and happy to know that I can enable you to take your place among the wealthy and prosperous men of this city. I have just learned that my father left me a fortune of nearly two millions!"

Frederick retreated a step or two and stood looking at her in speechless amazement.

"I am glad that you did not know it sooner, for you would have compelled me either to propose to you or grow old in waiting for you to summon courage," she said, laughingly.

He could scarcely credit his senses.

"Who is Mr. Brener?" he asked at length.

"That is a secret; we will talk of it hereafter," she replied.

Mutual explanations followed, but as Tom Seward would have said, "Taint none of our business."

Daisy's uncle gave his hearty approval, and as early a day was named as was consistent with Mrs. Dexter's ample preparations, and that lady was permitted to go on with her list as she had at first intended.

When Miss Lawson received cards, her first inclination was to fly at Mrs. Dexter and disfigure her face in her furious outburst of temper, for she believed that the lady had been purposely deceiving her and leading her on to her own humiliation. She thought better of it afterward, however, and at her next meeting she extended her hand with an artful smile, saying, "And so my little ruse was successful. I knew that it only needed the belief that some other lady in our circle

was in love with Mr. Dale to make you consent to his marriage with your niece."

Mrs. Dexter understood the position well enough, but wisely concluded that "people who live in glass houses mustn't throw stones," she let it pass, and devoted all her energies to the splendor of the wedding occasion, and the unequaled brilliancy which her ability to manage and direct gave to the affair was a gratification to her soul.

Meanwhile Joshua Brener had returned to his father in Idaho.

"And you didn't even bring back the watch!" exclaimed the father, wrathfully. "All my household goods were mortgaged for money to support you in this enterprise, and its failure involves everything in helpless ruin."

"I played my cards well, father, and if Tom had stayed away two weeks longer

all would have been successful. I'd shot him dead in his tracks if I wasn't afraid of being lynched before I could get out of the way," said the young man.

"I'd be glad enough to kill him, but even that wouldn't bring back the money," replied the father, dismally.

And Frederick Dale was enjoying the reward which his own manliness, truth, and integrity merited. He bought the entire factory, and the experience acquired while he was a laborer enabled him to conduct the business with unequaled success, and to perpetuate the welfare and happiness of the people in his employ, and Daisy found an opportunity of helping to build a home upon the foundation of her own exalted views of what a home should be—a type of Heaven, with mutual love, congeniality, and harmony for its basis.

[THE END.]



## A CHECK AND A CHECKMATE.

### WHAT THE BOBOLINK SAW.

THE day's work was finished. All that long, hot summer's day Joel Dutton had led his hands in the harvest-field. Ever in the van, sweeping the grass into clean, regular swaths with the steady swing of his scythe, he had animated his men to do their best and now the great meadow was as level as a table, with the long rows of cut grass extending across it and filling the air with the sweet perfume of curing hay. The sun had gone to rest in his bed-chamber in the west, hung with cloud curtains tinted with gold and maroon, and the men, weary with their day's toil, had started homeward, their figures bobbing up and down against the sky as they crossed the level meadow. Joel, however, remained leaning on his scythe gazing to the westward. A belated bobolink eyed him curiously as he fluttered over his head and then flew to a thicket of bushes which lined the fence, with a view of passing the night there. But Joel paid no attention to the bobolink nor to the gorgeously tinted cloud bank in the west. His glance only went as far as his thoughts, and they rested on a clump of willows some mile distant, and where, amid the drooping branches, the outline of a cottage could be discerned. Long and wistfully he gazed, until the bobolink, restive at his continued proximity, and wishing to go to sleep, uttered a shrill cry of vexation. Then Joel walked up to the thicket where the bobolink perched and stooping thrust his hand into the tangle of blue brier and black-

berry bushes. When he withdrew it he held two dainty wild rose-buds, which he wrapped carefully in a leaf and started toward his home in the gathering shadows, while the bobolink, who had never moved, uttered a note of relief.

### WHAT EVERYBODY SAW.

EVERYBODY in the quiet Quaker settlement of Clay Creek saw that Joel Dutton was a man bound to succeed. When Amos Dutton, the best farmer in that section of Maryland, died his son Joel stepped into his shoes, and had stood there ever since. No common man was Joel. Without the slightest claims to brilliancy he possessed his full share of sturdy common sense.

Not deriding old-time ideas, nor closing his eyes to the improvements of the age, Joel's farm stood foremost among the thrifty farms of the neighborhood in yield and condition.

Deeply religious, he never failed in attendance on meeting, nay, more than once had Joel Dutton, moved by the Spirit, spoken and spoken wisely in the monthly meeting. Demure Quaker damsels had smiled upon him and their smile was reproduced on the countenances of their parents, when they invited Joel to dinner after meeting, but up to a year ago Joel had apparently remained heart whole. Then Thomas Lanson moved into the village from one of the Western States, bringing himself, a retiring, taciturn man, and his daughter Hannah. He was reputed to be rich and had leased Willow

Cottage, one of the prettiest houses in the village. Thomas Lanson would have been warmly welcomed by the dwellers in the settlement, but he held himself aloof on the plea of bad health and only at intervals was seen at meeting, a haggard, broken-down man.

His daughter, however, with her lovely face and gentle manners, took the place by storm. The sober young Friends, male and female, became hilarious with the infection of her sparkling spirits, and the elders, even when they felt it incumbent on them to condemn what they styled levity, were forced to admit that Hannah Lanson's demeanor at meeting was all that could be desired.

It was on a First day, in the hush of a silent meeting, that Joel's eyes first rested on the face of Hannah Lanson. He removed them quickly, but he found it a cross to keep them from straying back. Then in the stillness, broken only by the rustle of the boughs of the old walnut tree as they brushed the roof with each breath of the wind, came a command to Joel to speak. He was terrified; for the first time he felt inclined to disobey the call. What if those red lips should smile derisively or that lithe form give evidence of weariness? He bowed his head and over him swept a wave of reproach, of shame for his cowardice, of terror at his sin. He arose, the words came hesitatingly from his lips, he stopped, then he saw those brown eyes lifted to his, full of interest and sympathy, and the words came, eloquent and full of heart-feeling.

That First day was an epoch in Joel's life. New ambitions seized him, new hopes flashed before his eyes, and dreams of happiness came to him that made him regret when he awakened. His house felt lonely, his voice sounded drearily to him when he spoke, as if he expected an echo in soft, loving tones.

At last everybody knew that Joel Dutton and Hannah Lanson intended to marry. They were visited, the formalities

of a betrothal according to Friends' ideas had been performed and everybody knew it and rejoiced at it.

#### WHAT HAPPENED AT WILLOW COTTAGE.

THE clouds which had hovered about the horizon had broken into fragments and, deprived of their bright tints, were drifting across the sky in sullen blue masses, save where the moon occasionally daubed some white paint on their ragged edges. The high road, bordered here by black-green meadows, here by a smudge of woodland, looked like a strip of white paper when the moonlight fell on its dry, dusty surface, and down this road, walking rapidly, went Joel Dutton. How could an accepted lover walk other than rapidly when going to see an expectant sweetheart such as Hannah Lanson. So Joel walked rapidly, and cheerily bearing in his hand the rose-buds he had plucked an hour before in the meadow, and in his mind the image of Hannah as she looked to him on that red-lettered night when he had avowed his love.

"The Lord has put into my heart a great love for thee, Hannah," he had said, simply.

What a wooing to a bright, vivacious girl, and yet the love-light shone softly in her eyes as, adopting his manner, she had whispered in reply:

"The Lord has not forbidden me to love thee, Joel."

Homely wooing, homely words, and yet Joel could not repeat them often enough to himself. Then, when he had pressed her to say how dearly she loved him, how quaint and yet how coquettish her reply:

"I once thought I could never love any one as deeply as I love father, but I am not sure of it now."

Then a fragment of cloud flitted across the face of the moon and darkness settled over the scene and penetrated into Joel's heart.

Edward Hidden, that acquaintance of Thomas Lanson from the West, a man

well gifted as to speech and cultured as to manner, had been for a week a guest at Willow Cottage. Hannah was of necessity much in his society, listening probably to his conversation, made interesting by his contact with that world outside of Clay Creek, a *terra incognita* to stay-at-home Joel. She would likely be flattered by attentions that Joel knew not how to pay, and she would compare his homeliness with Edward Hidden's culture.

Then came a wrench of jealousy at his heart. Lover-like he underrated himself beside this man and feared that she did likewise. His cheeriness disappeared, his spirits fell, and his step became slower, he even lingered at the gate as if hesitating about entering. Ashamed of suspicions that were groundless, reproaching himself for his want of faith in those quaint avowals which had been so dear to him, he opened the gate and walked up the pathway toward the house. The willow trees stood thickly on the lawn in front of the house, and through their drooping foliage the moon was only able to send here and there a flake of white light on the grass. Joel strode up the pathway and, peering into the gloom on either side, suddenly stopped. Amid the shadow Joel's eyes, sharpened by his new-found jealousy, detected two indistinct forms beneath one of the willows standing in close proximity. Impulsively he made some fierce strides toward the figures before he recollected himself, then he halted. His footsteps had made no noise on the soft mold, and as he stopped he heard Edward Hidden's voice say distinctly, as he held something like a piece of paper in his hand:

"This is it; when we are married I hand it to you and you can destroy it and the danger."

And she, making no dissent, stood before him, not scorning, not repulsing him as he laid his hand upon her arm, but bowing her head as if yielding to a superior power.

Joel stood for a moment as if turned to

stone; a numbness came about his heart and his breath hissed through his clenched teeth. Then came a great surge of wrath, sweeping away the gentle teachings of his sect and leaving a raging man, stung with the venom of shame, burning with the fires of vengeance. With a hoarse cry of fury he rushed forward and with a mighty swing of his right hand sent Hidden staggering against the tree.

"Get thee back," he said, in a low voice that quivered with rage, and the two men glared at each other in the gloom.

Hidden recovered himself and said, scornfully:

"You are crazy, my fine fellow. I have a better right here than you."

"Liar!" thundered Joel. "This woman is my promised wife."

"You are rather late in your announcement," said Hidden, coolly. "You are not probably well acquainted with the world, if you were, you would know that a woman's promise and a rich man's money are somewhat alike. The man makes a will and leaves his money to one person, then in a codicil changes the whole bequest and another person gets it. Miss Lanson may have promised to marry you, but she has evidently executed one of the above-mentioned codicils, for she has just promised to marry me. Therefore your promise is null and void."

Joel, suppressing with a mighty effort his rage, turned and faced the girl who, silent and motionless, stood before him. Maddened at her silence he seized her roughly by the arm and said, hoarsely:

"Hannah, tell this man he lies."

She stood before him like a statue, her eyes cast down, but her lips moved not.

Joel dragged her a few paces until she stood directly between him and Hidden.

Then releasing his grasp on her arm, he said, slowly, "Thou art free, now choose between the man thee has promised to wed and this stranger."

A shaft of moonlight pierced the thick foliage of the tree and fell upon the hag-

gard, grief-stricken face of the girl. For one instant her eyes were raised to Joel's face, then, without a word, she stepped forward and gave her hand to Hidden.

With a mocking laugh he led her toward the house, she reeling as she walked. Suddenly she fell upon her knees, for in the shadow there echoed a terrible cry, uttered in a voice that might emanate from one tortured to the utmost extremity in the flames of hell.

"Wanton, wanton!"

And the man who had uttered this dreadful cry lay prostrate on the ground, his hands groveling in the mold, his face pressed to the cool, dew-moistened grass.

Beyond this cry no sound escaped him. He was numb, frozen by his great grief.

At last he arose and lifted his savaged, dry-eyed face to the sky as if in a mute appeal for help. It was answered, a calmness came over him, the teachings of his religion asserted themselves, and bowing his head, he cried aloud:

"My God, my God, give me strength to bear this cross!"

More than eighteen hundred years ago a similar cry of agony went up from the close shrubbery of another garden when the sins of the world pressed sore upon the heart of the Saviour.

Joel arose to his feet, his face was calm but deadly pale. The storm that had raged so furiously left only this as a mark of its force. He turned to go, when lying in a tiny oasis of moonlight he saw the bunch of rose-buds beneath the tree where he had flung them in his madness.

As his eyes rested upon them the unnatural calm was shattered, and a flood of scalding tears poured over his face. The comparison of the moment when he had gathered them with the present was more than he could bear. Reaching down he snatched them so fiercely that he tore up with them a handful of grass, and pressing them to his breast hastened homeward. So tightly did he press them that

a thorn on one of the stems pierced his finger, and a few drops of blood stained the pink petals.

Dreary and desolate was the dark house where he had lived contentedly eight and twenty years, and dreary and desolate it must be to him as long as he should live. He stepped within the door, and his footstep echoed like a groan, as if the house itself deplored its loss. He entered the room he habitually used and flung himself into a chair, and, still holding the rose-buds in his hand, remained in sorrowful thought until the first blush of the coming day tinted the east. There was a noise up-stairs, a farm boy, named Shepherd, who slept in the house, had arisen, and Joel quickly placed the flowers in his seed chest and left the room before Shepherd had descended the stairs.

#### WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MEETING-HOUSE.

JOEL stood before his house in the crisp air of the early morning and gazed toward the east where Aurora was shooting her first arrows against the gloomy walls of night. Unsentimental in thought, homely in words, Joel found himself wondering if the gloomy horizon of his life would ever be lightened by the dawn of happiness. Six days had passed since that terrible night at Willow Cottage—six days of agony to Joel. Agony of heart because of the void there; agony of conscience because he was sorely disappointed in himself.

In his simple, earnest faith he believed that God had placed this cross upon his shoulders. In his honest heart he knew he had not borne it.

He told himself he had forgiven the man who had marred his life, and he found his brow corrugating, his hands clenching, whenever his image came before him. He tried to believe that he prayed that Hannah Lanson might be happy, and he knew he lied when he did so, for in his heart he cherished the conviction that she must be unhappy with this man,

and he found a moody comfort in his conviction. He cried out for humility, and yet shunned his fellows lest some one in kindness of heart might direct a sympathizing glance at him. Wounded sorely, his pride was alarmed lest some one might see the scar.

Therefore, since the night of his great grief Joel had sought to keep aloof from his acquaintances, and on this First-day morning was sorely tempted to remain away from meeting.

He dreaded the gossiping crowd which loitered about the door before services began. He shrunk from meeting the half-sympathizing, half-curious glances, which he felt sure would be leveled at him, for it was certain that by this time news of the broken engagement had spread through the village.

"I will not go," exclaimed Joel, and then, condemned in his heart at his sin, he walked nervously into the house.

While at breakfast Shepperd, the farm lad, said, "Master, wait for me to-day, I want to go to meeting with thee."

Joel's heart smote him. What right had he to make of his cowardice a bad example to this boy? If he could not bear his cross must he throw it in another's way? With a sudden revulsion of feeling he placed his hand kindly on the boy's head and said:

"Make haste and thee can go with me."

They walked across the fields toward the village and Joel felt his loneliness more than ever during this walk. Every bird that chirruped in the trees seemed to get an answer from its mate, and even the clover blossoms on which he trampled bent toward each other as the wind breathed upon them. Among them all he stood alone and must stand alone until, a withered trunk, age felled him.

When they reached the meeting-house Joel hastened past the crowd about the door and seated himself in an obscure corner. The seats filled rapidly, but Joel, with bowed head, paid no attention. He

was not worshipping, he knew it, and it frightened him and he sought to pray.

The meeting had begun, that wondrous, quiet worship of the Friends had commenced, when there was the noise of some late comers at the door. Joel's heart quivered. Although his eyes were riveted on the floor he knew who had entered. Without his volition his eyes were lifted and gazed directly into those of Hannah Lanson. For an instant that gaze remained steady, then both averted their eyes and she sank into a seat beside her father, who had accompanied her. Joel was strangely affected by that glance, his resentment vanished and pity took its place. There was deep, consuming sorrow in those eyes, but her glance met his full without quailing. There was no shame in those eyes, no remorse for treachery, only sorrow.

"O God!" muttered Joel, "enlighten me, I pray Thee," and again he looked at her. She was gazing at the floor and he looked long at the haggard face that had changed so wofully in the past week. A great yearning came over him to draw that drooping head upon his shoulder and beseech her to allow him part of her burden of sorrow. He resolved to see her and to speak to her, and a shaft of hope pierced his heart. He raised his head, the sunlight was brighter, the song of a bird on a tree hard by the window sounded cheerily to him and he found that he could pray.

There was the noise of some one rising. An old Friend began to speak and the Spirit directed him to quote this text, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children to the third and the fourth generation." He was an eloquent speaker and the words came rapidly in that strange, plaintive chant so usual with the primitive Friends. His clear voice rose and fell in musical cadences as he told how man should pause when tempted to sin. Not on him alone would fall the punishment; nay, he might escape it. But, alas! what a terrible legacy he left to his chil-

dren or to his children's children. "It is the law of God," continued he, almost in a wail, "it cannot change. The sins of the father must be visited on his children. Woe to him and God help them." He ceased, and, as if in echo to his words, Thomas Lanson, uttering a groan of terrible anguish, arose from his seat and fell prostrate in the aisle.

People hastened to him and bore him into the air, where he soon revived sufficiently to be placed in his carriage. For a few moments Joel had stood beside Hannah, so close that her dress touched him. He was about to assist her to the carriage when Edward Hidden walked quickly through the crowd and with a mocking smile pushed her forward. He placed her in the carriage, entered himself, and they were driven quickly down the road.

#### JOEL HAS A LATE VISITOR.

A STORM rushed into the sky that First-day evening, whirling the dust into yellow columns on the high road, making the leaves cling for dear life to their branches and causing the grass to undulate like the waves of a perturbed sea. Swift arrows of white fire darted across the blue-black clouds, while the storm king's voice rumbled majestically as he issued his orders to his host. Then came the slanting array of roaring, hissing rain deluging the land and starting innumerable embryo rivers rushing in every direction.

Toward night the lightning and thunder ceased, but the wind still drove ragged patches of cloud across the sky which at intervals let fall a pelting shower.

Joel had sat at his window the whole evening unmindful of the elements. He was trying with poor success to unravel a mystery. He now felt convinced that Hannah was not acting of her own free will. Some strong influence forced her to bow before it. But whence came this influence? From her father, perhaps, but then Thomas Lanson had evidently been pleased when Joel had asked his consent

to an engagement with his daughter. He had spoken in terms of affection to him and had expressed his joy that Hannah had made so excellent a choice. Conscious of his own rectitude, Joel knew that no true report concerning himself could have caused this sudden change, and he did not believe that Hannah Lanson was a girl to be swayed by an innuendo unless supported by strong corroborative proof. Evidently the influence came from some outside source and that source must be Edward Hidden. And what power did he possess? Had he a claim on the girl? Had he been a former lover, and was she compromised in some way with him? These were ugly thoughts and they brought a dark look into Joel's eyes, but they did not seem impossible. He recalled that accent of proprietorship in Hidden's voice. He remembered the masterful way with which he had led her to the carriage that morning, and he ground his teeth as he thought of her meek obedience. He abandoned all idea of seeing her again. He would strive to forget her, think of her as dead, and thoroughly wretched and worn-out he walked up-stairs and went to bed. For a few moments he lay listening to one of the fitful showers pattering against the window, but he was a farmer accustomed to rise with the sun and to go to sleep as soon as he retired, and the habit of years asserted its potency over his tortured mind and he was soon unconscious.

The ragged masses of cloud swept by the warm yet fierce southerly wind, still scudded over the sky, the gusts shook the raindrops from the trees and must have banged a shutter, for a noise awoke Joel. He turned lazily over and after listening a moment closed his eyes again, only to open them quickly and to rise up in bed. He heard another noise, but it was not the slam of a window-shutter. It came from down-stairs, and sounded as if some one had stumbled over a chair. Joel listened intently and then softly arose and

stepped to the head of the stairs. All was still, but suddenly there flashed from the sitting-room a gleam of light as if a match had been ignited, this was followed by the subdued glow of a shaded lantern. Joel's heart beat quickly, and stepping quietly to the stair-case he descended half way. From his position he could look into the room he used habitually, and where his desk and the account books of the farm were kept. The room was dimly lighted by a small shaded lantern, and by this light Joel saw a man standing before his desk. Then it flashed upon him that late the evening before he had been paid three hundred dollars for some cattle and the money in an old pocket-book was in the drawer of the desk. Some one knew of the money being paid, thought Joel, and has come to rob me. The money was in the top drawer of the desk and this seemed to be the objective point of the intruder, for by the aid of a chisel he easily broke the weak lock and opened the drawer. Joel gathered himself for a spring upon the robber as he started to depart, but he found that individual was in no hurry to leave. On the contrary, so far from being content with the pocket-book, which he picked up and then laid on top of the desk, he appeared anxious to investigate all the papers in the drawer. Paper after paper he held close to the light as if scrutinizing them closely, even tiny scraps were carefully examined. After he had taken all the papers from the drawer he proceeded to open the lower one. Here the proceeding was repeated. All the papers were ransacked and each one examined. At last, with a gesture of disappointment, the man turned to the shelf and took down the books that stood on it, opening and shaking each one. He did the same with the books on the table and then returned to the desk and began another examination of the pocket-book. As he held the light so that he could see better, the rays fell upon his face and

Joel started! Edward Hidden in the role of a midnight burglar stood before him. Before he could make a motion, he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Shepperd, the farm lad, stood beside him. He also had recognized the intruder, for he whispered his name in Joel's ear. With his hand Joel motioned the lad to stand back and resumed his watch. He had no intention of interfering. With a feeling of exultation he rapidly formed his plans for revenge. Before Hannah, before Thomas Lanson, he would brand this man a robber, and he had Shepperd for a witness. If he could not possess the girl, at least Hidden should not. Eagerly he watched his victim as he searched again among the papers. At last, evidently unsuccessful, he extinguished his light and Joel heard him depart through the window. Then Joel returned to his room and ordering Shepperd to go to bed, threw on some clothes and lighting a candle descended to the sitting-room. Here everything was in disorder, papers scattered about the room and the pocket-book lying open on the desk. To Joel's utter amazement the money lay scattered around it. He counted the notes, not a dollar was missing, and a feeling of deep disappointment swept over him. He could not charge Hidden with being a robber, for as far as he could see he had taken nothing. But what on earth did the man want? What did Joel possess that he should covet? He sank into a chair utterly mystified. His dreams of revenge were mere shadows, he could only charge this man with entering his house and then departing leaving the money intact, not a charge likely to stand, even though he had Shepperd for a witness. Long he sat and meditated, then rising he said in a clear voice, lifting up his face: "I thank Thee, Lord, that this sin is spared me. Vengeance is Thine, not mine," and walking up to Shepperd's room, commanded him to be silent concerning the events of the night.

## THE MEETING IN THE WOOD.

FOUR days after Hidden's burglarious visit Joel, moody and heart sick, leaned against a fence, and aimlessly gazed over the meadow before him. Four days of resolve and indecision, one moment he believed that some ulterior influence forced Hannah to act against her will, and that it was his duty to go to her and seek to aid her, but then came ugly doubts. This influence was undoubtedly Edward Hidden, and his power was based either on her fear of him or on her love for him, and Joel, by some strange perversity, felt inclined to believe it was the latter. True it seemed strange that a girl like Hannah Lanson could love and obey a man who did not hesitate to take the part of a midnight robber, but what other reason could be assigned beyond fear?

And so Joel leaned against the fence plunged in bitter thought oblivious of the clear musical call of a lark, as he rose from a tuft of sedge and soared over his head, his gamboge breast glittering in the sun.

Something had alarmed the bird, and that something was Shepperd running across the field cap in hand.

"Master," he panted, when he came within speaking distance, "Spot has jumped the fence and run away."

Spot was one of Joel's best horses, and as a treat had been turned into a grassy field to roam and eat at will. But that had not contented Spot, and despising the pent-up range of a five-acre field he had leaped the fence and sought wider boundaries.

Joel promptly gave his orders.

"Thee must hurry down the turnpike to the village," said he; "perhaps thee will find him there. I will search the bottom back of the field."

Shepperd hastened away down the dusty road, while Joel walked in the direction of the wooded bottom that bounded his farm on the southwest.

Walking along the fence he soon came upon the imprint of a horse's hoofs in the soft earth, and he knew that the animal had strayed into the thicket. It was no small undertaking to search for him there, for the low tract was some fifty acres in extent, of swampy ground, overgrown with rank weeds and thick underbrush. Joel knew that by keeping close to the fence that separated the land of Willow Cottage from this bottom he would avoid much of the marsh, and he took this course, threading his way through the tangle, and keeping a sharp outlook for the horse. On the other side of the fence the ground rose, but it was wild and rugged, studded thickly with trees and rough boulders, a very unlikely place to meet any one, and yet the sound of voices came to Joel's ears as he slowly proceeded. The voices became more distinct as he advanced, and suddenly he stopped as if shot. He recognized the voice. Hannah Lanson was speaking. Peering through the mesh of bushes that grew about the fence he saw Hannah and Edward Hidden standing beneath a tree. Joel's heart felt like a lump of lead in his breast. His doubts became certainties; they were lovers, for who but lovers would select such a secluded spot for a meeting. Madened at the sight he turned to plunge into the thicket, when the girl's voice came clearly to him through the thicket.

"For God's sake, have mercy on me!"

Joel paused, the agony in that appealing cry pierced his heart, and he awaited the reply.

It came in mocking tones. "You are uncomplimentary, but I am not seeking compliments. I am the merciful. It is I that am willing to spare you who would condemn. Allow me to say once more that any appeal is useless, my determination is fixed and irrevocable, consent or the blow surely falls."

Again that agony-laden voice spoke: "Can thee not content thyself with wounding, must thee destroy. When the money

comes to me does thee believe that I will touch it. Thee may have it all if thee wants it, only let my father die in peace."

He laughed. "See how chivalrous I am. I will not take your money unless you come with it. Do you think your Quaker lover is that disinterested about your inheritance?"

"Thee would force me to marry thee. I who, God forgive me, detests thee."

"Miss Lanson," he answered, "I am acting fairly with you. I know you do not love me, and I know that I do not love you. I marry you because interest compels me to do so. You will marry me because necessity compels you. We stand on the same platform."

"Has thee no fear of God's punishment," ejaculated the girl, in horror of the man.

"Have *you* no fear of God," retorted he; "they say that the devil can quote Scripture when it avails him, and so can I. Do you remember the commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Are you honoring your father when you hesitate to save him from a felon's cell. You, rather than give up your Quaker lover, would see his gray head bowed with shame as the clang of the fetters sounded in his ears—"

"Mercy," gasped the girl, and she flung her arms around the old oak beside her looking in her fragile beauty like some tender plant clinging for support against the rush of a hurricane.

"I have no mercy, no patience. If you do not consent to marry me in three days I will produce the check and denounce your father; come."

He placed her arm within his and led her rapidly through the trees in the direction of the house.

For a few moments Joel stood as if petrified, then he leaped the fence and hastened to the tree around which she had thrown her arms. He stood where she stood. He placed his arms about the trunk. He kissed the rough bark. His

love was pure and faithful, and she was his love yet, his and no other man's. He forgot the misfortune that hung over her, the dark mystery, unexplainable to him that seemed to certainly separate them. He only knew that she loved him still.

He walked rapidly back toward his farm, unmindful of his errand, and had it not have been for the appearance of the horse, of his own volition returning to the pasture, he would have gone home without thinking of him. As it was, he caressed the animal and, swinging himself upon his back, rode toward the barn, dimly visible in the gray shadow of the twilight.

#### JOEL MAKES AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

THE next morning Joel opened the front gate of Willow Cottage and walked firmly up the pathway. After a night spent in deep thought his course of action was made clear to him. He must act at once and act plainly. His simple heart could not abide diplomacy.

In response to his knock a servant opened the door and Joel asked if he could see Thomas Lanson. The woman replied that he was confined to his room and refused to see any visitors, but Joel pushed her aside and walked boldly up the stairs. In a moment he stood in Thomas Lanson's presence.

"How does thee do, Friend Joel?" said the old man, with a palpable effort to appear at ease. "Will thee not sit down?"

"Friend Lanson," answered Joel, sternly, "has God commanded thee to give thy daughter to Edward Hidden?"

The old man's face was worn and haggard, but a strange ashen hue came over it at Joel's question, and he cried peevishly:

"My daughter has chosen. I have not forced her. What right has thee to charge me thus?"

"Thy daughter sacrifices herself for thee," answered Joel, "and thee knows it and allows it. Has thee no faith in God

that thee permits thy only child giving herself into the power of a man who, as he does not love her, can never respect her or make her anything but miserable?"

Thomas Lanson gazed vacantly at him a moment, then burst into a flood of tears.

"The law of God never changes," he sobbed; "the sins of the father must fall upon his children, and woe to the father who leaves this curse behind him."

Before Joel could reply to this outburst Hannah glided into the room. She cast a reproachful look at him, then hastened to her father. The old man threw his arms about her neck and cried piteously:

"Thee will not let them take me away from thee, Hannah? Oh! my daughter, thee will not let them come for me?"

She soothed him as a mother would a child, pressing his furrowed cheek close to her pale face, and Joel's eyes were moist as he beheld this picture where the order of nature seemed reversed—the father had become a child and leaned for support on the breast of his daughter.

Quietly he left the room but not the house. He lingered an hour in the sitting-room until he heard Hannah descend the stairs, then he stepped into the passage and led her into the room.

"Thee is in great trouble, Hannah," said he, gravely; "will thee not give me part of thy burden?"

She fell upon her knees, and covering her face with her hands wept so violently that he was alarmed.

He laid his hand, a large, labor-hardened hand, but its touch was wondrous gentle, on her head.

"Joel," she sobbed, "thee must forget me, drive me from thy mind."

"I can never forget thee," he answered, gloomily; "if I must live apart from thee, God will give me strength to bear my cross, but I can never forget thee."

There was a pause of several minutes, then he asked, sadly:

"Is thee to marry Edward Hidden?"

Oh! how drearily came the answer: "God help me, I must."

Joel shuddered with the pain of this hopeless reply and his hand must have lightened in its pressure on her bowed head, for she seized it, saying:

"Oh! do not draw away from me as if I was a Pariah. I but accept the cross placed upon my shoulders."

He stooped his head. "Hannah tell me all; perhaps I may be able to aid thee."

In words half articulate and broken by her sobs she told him her grief. A little more than a year ago Thomas Lanson was comparatively a happy man. He earned a fair salary as confidential accountant for a large Western manufacturing firm. Thrifty and economical, he had laid aside a moderate sum which, added to what his wife left him when she died, made a small capital and this he had partly invested in a speculative enterprise, which promised well. However, things went the wrong way and he soon saw all his means endangered, and ruin menaced him. He did not escape that fatuity of the speculator, the belief that by holding on success would come, and one day he forged the name of the treasurer of the company to a check of three thousand dollars. By adroit entries he succeeded in completely hiding his transaction, but the three thousand dollars went with his own money and Thomas Lanson found himself not only penniless but a criminal. When the account of the manufactory at the bank was balanced he determined to destroy the check, the one witness of his crime, but to his horror it was missing. Although he felt confident that the embezzlement would never be found on the books, so carefully had he concealed it, still as long as the check existed any moment might bring about his conviction. Almost frantic with remorse and dread he gave up his situation and removed to a small Ohio town, where he and Hannah lived in poverty. Then came the news of the death of Hannah's aunt, a single

woman of large property. She left everything to Hannah, with the proviso that she should not come into possession of the property until she was twenty-five years of age. The interest, however, was sufficient to enable her to support her father in comfort and they had removed to the quiet settlement of Clay Creek. Thomas Lanson had never returned the money he had taken, he had never allowed his secret to escape him, though he was constantly harassed by fear lest the forged check might come to light.

"Joel," continued the girl, "Edward Hidden has my father's secret, and more, he has the check and his price for silence is my agreeing to marry him. I have vainly sought to purchase the check by offers of the greater part, nay, the whole of my inheritance, but faithless himself, he distrusts every one, and fears that my father may die and I refuse to abide by my promise. Therefore, he insists upon an immediate marriage, and, Joel, though my father is a forger, a criminal, my duty is to shield him from harm. I must sacrifice my life rather than see him led to prison a convicted felon."

Joel drew a long breath. "Does thee know that he has the check?" he asked.

"I have seen it in his hands and my father has seen it and recognized it," she answered, despairingly.

"How did it fall into his hands?" he asked.

"I do not know. He was employed in the office with father, and in some way discovered that the check was forged and got possession of it."

Joel remained silent in deep thought, then he said, gently: "When man cannot see the road before him he must ask God to give him light. I must give this matter thought and seek the guidance of the Spirit. Be hopeful, Hannah, until I see thee again," and touching her bowed head tenderly with his lips he departed.

There was very little hope in Joel's breast, however, as he sat in his lonely

room that evening. "Verily, verily," he said to himself, "the sins of the father fall upon his children. Poor girl, poor, helpless girl! My darling, if I could only bear thy burden for thee."

Vainly he strove to think of some possible escape for the girl, for not once did he dream of counseling her to swerve from the path her duty pointed out. Fervently he prayed for help to discover some means of assisting her.

A step sounded in the passage and Shepperd entered.

"What does thee wish, lad?" asked Joel, kindly.

"Master," answered the boy, "please give me the package of turnip seed, so that I can go out early with the hands to the field."

Joel turned to the old seed chest and opened the lid. On the top of an assortment of bags of seed lay a bunch of withered rose-buds and a handful of matted grass. It was the buds he had taken to Willow Cottage that terrible night. He picked them up tenderly, unmindful of Shepperd, and separated them from the grass. Among the matted sprigs he found a crumpled, dew-stained piece of paper, which seemed to have been snatched up with the flowers and grass. Wondering, Joel opened the paper, then he fell upon his knees, crying, "My God, I thank Thee!"

Shepperd, frightened, stole up-stairs, but at his room door he paused, and said to himself, "He must have found a new kind of turnip seed, and we will have a great crop this fall."

#### CHECKMATED.

HANNAH LANSON stood at her window and gazed out on the splendor of the young August day. Bright as shone the sun, clear as sparkled the dew-diamonds among the grass spires, gaudy as were the blossoms of the morning-glory clinging to the fence and bashfully folding their petals as the sun's glance became more

ardent, beautiful as was all nature on this August morning, how dark and lowering was everything to the hopeless girl who, unseeing, looked upon this magnificence.

Edward Hidden was with her father, she heard his mocking voice, which sounded like a knell of despair.

The house maid entered the room. Her father wished to see her. With a dull expression of despair on her face, and yet with a firm compression of lips denoting resolution, she walked into the room where Hidden and her father awaited her.

The old man knelt on the floor, his hand clasped in agony, his face wet with tears. When he saw his daughter he cast himself prostrate, he groveled with shame and anguish before her.

She raised him gently and led him to a chair. Then putting her arm lovingly about his neck, said scornfully to Hidden, "If thou must persecute, choose me, not an old man. I am ready."

"No, no, my daughter," cried her father, "it shall not be. My few remaining years shall be passed, where I deserve to be, in prison, but thee, innocent one, must not sacrifice thyself."

"I am ready," repeated the girl, calmly looking at Hidden.

"It shall not be," shrieked the old man. "Thee is powerless, villain. I am the stronger, for I will denounce myself."

"Father!" cried the girl.

"Be silent, my daughter," cried the old man, "I have been weak enough to sin against my fellow-man, but God will give me the strength to expiate my crime and to annul the curse that threatens thee."

"Get ready then," replied Hidden. "I will at once notify the authorities and have you dragged to prison."

Calm and cold Hannah stood between them; in a clear voice she said to Hidden:

"Why does thee prolong this scene? I have told thee I am ready."

"Then marry me to-day," he exclaimed. "I swear I will wait no longer to be bad-

gered and trifled with by this old dotard. If you are not my wife before sunset I will produce the check and denounce your father."

"Boaster!" said a deep voice. "Boaster, house-breaker, and liar!"

Joel Dutton strode into the room. Walking up to Hannah he placed one arm around her shoulders and, pointing to the door with the other, said sternly to Hidden:

"Get thee gone!"

Hidden foamed with rage.

"I go," he said, hoarsely, "but I return with the officers of the law."

"Thee has lost thy trusted weapon," said Joel, calmly; "here is the check. Thomas Lanson, does thee recognize it?"

He held a crumpled, stained piece of paper before the old man's eyes.

"I do," he exclaimed; "it is the check I forged, the check I last saw in Edward Hidden's hands."

"Then look thy last upon this record of thy sin," said Joel, and lighting a match, he applied it to the paper. Hidden made a sudden rush to snatch it, but Joel's right arm met him firm as a bar of steel and he reeled back against the wall. Slowly the flame crept up the paper, which shriveled and contorted as if in agony; finally a feathery mass lay in Joel's broad palm.

"See," said he, solemnly, as he blew the ashes out of the window, "may the Lord cast this sin from thy soul as the wind will strew these ashes from where they now lie. Listen, Edward Hidden. That night, when maddened by my discovery of what I believed was the treachery of the woman I loved, I cast from my hands a small bunch of roses. Before I left I saw the flowers lying on the ground and impulsively seized them, tearing up as I did a handful of grass with the flowers and amid the grass, though I knew it not until last night, was this check. When I cast thee against the tree in my anger the check must have fallen from thy pocket. Thee suspected that I had found it, for thee

came in the night to ransack my desk, but thee did not search in the right place—the seed chest beneath the table. Now, Edward Hidden, begone. I have sent to the company three thousand dollars and the interest on the amount from the date of the check and have written them the whole state of the case. So thou art powerless, and begone.”

They were alone. Hidden had slunk from the house. Thomas Lanson leaned back on his chair; a smile lingered about his thin lips; the lines in his forehead had

disappeared. For once in many months, ages they were to him of remorse and suffering, his face showed no signs of sorrow. And thus smiling, as if he had received the forgiveness of God, his soul left his body.

And the bobolink, perched on a willow bough, wondered at the ways of the creatures called human.

Why should a man clasp a weeping woman in his arms when all the world was full of brightness and of joy, when the sun was shining brightly and the air was full of perfume?

JAS. C. PLUMMER.

## THE MESSAGE IN THE SCROLL.

THERE stands an archway in a city  
olden,  
Across its sculptured front a carver  
bold  
Has twined and twisted in each leaf and  
tendrill  
The word *forgive*, amid the dainty  
mold.

New stars shone out, new moons were  
wont to glisten;  
The deep gave pearls, the mountains  
gems so rare;  
The years wove shadows to the years de-  
parted,  
And still the archway stood so calmly  
there.

As one belated on a sea-bound island,  
Who feels the tide-wave creeping to his  
feet,  
So spanned the sculptured front its mis-  
sion hiding,  
Till time with time had made the link  
complete.

Over the selfsame way a weary woman,  
Footsore, yet proud of right and firm  
of will,  
Chanced with the herd to pause, and  
prate, and listen,  
And marvel at the workman's cunning  
skill.

Hearts do not break, though they may  
thrill and quiver;  
Like Pisa's tower the prisoned soul may  
lean,  
Yet does not fall when countless hopes go  
under.  
Ah! many leaning souls the world has  
seen.

So did she see, and they who tell the  
story,  
From other lips whose tongues the tale  
have told.  
Say how the archway heaved, and rocked,  
and trembled,  
While turned the sky above a flood of  
gold.

The message reached her. Did his spirit  
whisper?  
For one had cared to die and one to live.  
Across the sculptured arch the patient  
carver  
For her had wrought amid the scroll,  
*forgive*.

*Forgive!* Diviner word no voice may  
utter;  
The flashing of a pool in desert sands.  
Love may not reach, nor even sorrow  
grasp it.  
God carved it out beneath the cutter's  
hands.

STELLA AIKENS EIDLITZ, in *New York Mail and Express*.

## THE LILACS.

### CHAPTER I.

NO lilacs ever seemed half so beautiful as those which hung over the wall that inclosed the patch of garden-ground belonging to Sutherland Villa, where the Falklands lived. The trees were old, gnarled, crippled, broken, and split, and no year passed without Margaret Falkland saying, "This must be the last year of our lilacs! It is impossible that they can go on flowering in this way any longer." And yet when next year came the trees seemed more vigorous than ever, and tossed their plumed blossoms and flung their fragrance about in still more generous profusion.

They flourished to the injury of everything else in the garden, for they overshadowed the borders; but for the one week in which they were in perfection it was such perfection that there never could be any question of lopping off projecting branches. They were coveted by all the flower-loving passers-by. Every nefarious person in the neighborhood had his eye on them, and not unfrequently his fingers. Tradesmen's boys with barrows drew them up on the pavement beneath the garden wall to form a basis of operation, and Mr. Brown waited for his fish and Mr. Smith for his fowls, while his purveyor's juvenile assistant stood on the barrow which was conveying them, plucked great handfuls of lilacs for himself and friends, tore down branches and strewed the pavement with ruined fragments. Girls clambered on the wall at four in the morning and leisurely culled the choicest clusters for their market-baskets later on, and besides this

the Falkland household might have supplied itself with firewood for weeks by simply picking up the bits thrown as missiles at the unhappy flowers by boys who never succeeded in getting any of them at all.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed pretty Miss Margaret, one afternoon. "I can't bear to see those dear lilacs broken so. It's a shame to let them be ill-treated when they flower so splendidly! I will go and work in the garden, and then I can protect them."

She went into the garden and, of course, soon found plenty of work to do, and when the rustling of the boughs warned her of the presence of an assailant, she went up to the spot and cried, "Leave those lilacs alone!" Sometimes boys climbed on the wall—it was a tolerably high one—but for the most part they dropped back in a great fright when they heard her voice, or saw her, though some, perceiving that they had only a girl to deal with, obstinately remained where they were until they had possessed themselves of a handsome sample of the year's blossom.

At first she only tried to impress them by her angry demeanor, and it seemed to her that that was all she could do, for if she went round to the outside in hope of finding a policeman the boys had disappeared long before she got there. Perhaps the same boys returned again and again; anyhow, her demeanor evidently failed to impress, and attacks became more and more frequent. Shock heads of hair with the sun shining through it appeared above

the wall; hands were seen busily filling themselves with flowers, and, say what she might, those hands went on filling themselves. She heard mocking laughter and joyous exclamations over the booty. This goaded her to further effort, and she went into the house and got her umbrella—a long, slender one with a heavy lapis-lazuli ball for a handle, and laid it in readiness by the side of her gardening-basket, and henceforth, when busy hands appeared among leaves and flowers she gave them one or two semi-severe taps. The effect was magical. With a baffled snort the intruder dropped in a moment and she could hear the patter of swiftly retreating feet. And now the lilacs had some peace, and she continued her labors undisturbed. It did not last very long. Twice more she was called on to repel attacks. She was weeding out some thickly crowding marigolds when, for the third time after the lull, her ear caught the grating of bent or broken lilac boughs as they were drawn against the wall, and, darting to the spot, she administered a well-directed blow at the furtive fingers. It was a much harder blow than she intended, for she was in a great hurry, and besides this, unconsciously to herself, she was beginning to feel much pleasure in the efficacy of the treatment. A cry of surprise met her ears, and a voice which did not sound like the voice of a lilac-stealer, exclaimed, "You need not have done that; I was only putting back a half-broken branch which is hanging down on this side, because the boys swing themselves up on to the wall by it."

And now, by standing on the stone edging of the border, Margaret Falkland could just see the well-brushed crown of a gentleman's hat.

She was dismayed! Should she partially reveal herself by apologizing? should she hold her peace and try to bury this in perpetual silence? Her instinct bade her apologize. "I am so sorry—so ashamed!" she said; "I beg your pardon

so much. The boys break the lilacs and won't go away for speaking—that's what made me do it. I thought it was one of them."

She could see that he raised his hat and heard him say, "Yes, they destroy the trees shamefully!"

"Have I hurt you?" she faltered, and her voice might have revealed that tears were very near her eyes.

"Oh! no, not much. Pray think no more of it. Stay, if you will allow me, I think, before I go, I had better finish putting that branch over the wall."

He did this, and with much shame at receiving so much good for evil, Miss Falkland thanked him and he went on his way. She had not seen his face, and sincerely hoped that she never would, and what was still more important, he had not seen hers. Never in her life had she felt so miserably small. The lilacs suffered for it; she could no longer endure the sight of them. Gathering together her gardening tools and the offending umbrella, she went into the house and left the trees to their fate.

When lilacs are in season in London, so many other things that are delightful are in season too. Miss Falkland had little enough time to brood over opportunities too well used. She had a dinner-party, two dances, and a musical party before her, and must dress. Her father met her on the stairs and said, "My dear, tell me where we are going to-night. I know about the dinner and the Varleys' musical party, but I hope we have not to go anywhere else. I met that silly little Mrs. Varley this afternoon; Mr. Carlton is to be there to-night, and I am so anxious to hear him sing."

"We have several engagements, father, but, if you prefer the Varleys', let us give up the others—they are only dances."

Thus did a girl of twenty speak of one of the greatest pleasures of her life; but how could she do otherwise to a father

who was father, mother, sister, and brother to her?

"By all means," replied Mr. Falkland, all unconscious of the sacrifice that his daughter was making. "I am told that Mr. Carlton's singing is magnificent, and it is so difficult to hear him; he will sing for Mrs. Varley, she says, because he is an old friend of the family, but he won't sing at other people's parties."

The dinner was dull, and the only occasion on which Miss Falkland felt any emotion but weariness was when either of the gentlemen near her spoke of the tender charm of the young green leaves in the parks or the beauty of the flowering shrubs in the little London gardens. Flowering shrubs was almost the same thing as saying lilacs, and lilacs was a word which to Miss Falkland was simply insupportable.

"What a crush it is going to be!" observed Mr. Falkland, as he and his daughter ascended the Varleys' stairs. Near the drawing-room door they saw an old friend. "Stay here with me till Mr. Carlton goes to the piano," she pleaded. "Oh! there he is—look!"

Miss Falkland looked, and was aware of a tall, fair-haired, bright-eyed, handsome young man threading his way through the crowd. After all, he was only one of many celebrities there present, so Miss Falkland turned back to her friend and talked as happily to her for some time as if no such things as lilacs existed. Suddenly she felt a quick touch on her arm and saw Mrs. Varley by her side, looking eager and anxious. "My dear Margaret," she said, despairingly, "he can't play his own accompaniments to-night. I never knew anything so unfortunate, and I haven't the least idea whom to ask. He is so particular, you see, and people do make such a hopeless muddle of everything if they accompany badly. Will you try, dear? You play at sight a thousand times better than any one else that I know here—I've told him so."

"I play Mr. Carlton's accompaniment!"

"Yes, you. Why not, when we are in such trouble? You can do it quite easily. He has hurt his hand so."

"Who has hurt whose hand?" asked Miss Falkland.

"Mr. Carlton has hurt his own. You may be quite sure that he wouldn't let me ask any one to play his accompaniments if he hadn't; he hates any one to play them but himself."

"How did you say he had hurt it?" asked Miss Falkland, with sudden fear. "How absurd I am!" was her next thought, but still she made no attempt to follow Mrs. Varley, who was hurrying away without giving her any answer.

"Come, dear, come," said that lady, "it won't do to keep him waiting; it is a favor for him to sing at all. It is so unfortunate about his hand, and it is the right one."

"Oh! is it?" said Miss Falkland, walking mechanically to the piano.

"Yes, it is the right hand, and he doesn't seem to think that it will be well again for I don't know how long."

"But how did he do it?" she again asked, for she was anxious to have a faint suspicion that seemed bent on taking possession of her dissipated.

"I don't know. I asked him, but he only laughed. It's all very well for him to carry off an accident with a laugh, but I am quite sure that I shouldn't laugh if I hurt my hand."

"Neither would you laugh if you didn't hurt it," thought Miss Falkland, who was beginning to be fretted by this talk about the hand, and then she wondered why she felt ill-tempered with poor, dismal little Mrs. Varley.

"Here is Miss Falkland," exclaimed that lady, stopping short when she reached Mr. Carlton. "If any one can play an accompaniment at sight so as to please you it is she. She is a splendid musician—a really striking musician."

"I shall not be able to play a note if you overpraise me so."

"I am not overpraising you, my dear; you are a striking musician, and I am certain that Mr. Carlton will say so himself before long."

The word "striking" irritated Miss Falkland; she had never liked it, and she liked it still less to-day; besides, she would inevitably break down if much more were said. She glanced at Mr. Carlton, who was saying something polite to her which she was much too nervous to understand. Yes, he was very good-looking; her eyes timidly investigated the state of his right hand. It was gloved, and looked like any other hand. "I shall be pleased to do anything I can," she was at last able to utter, "but I don't play half so well as Mrs. Varley says."

"My dear, you do. You have such a trained wrist; and, Mr. Carlton, you see that little hand, but you have no conception what a touch it has!"

Having unconsciously planted these daggers she departed, and her victim seated herself at the piano, saying nervously, "I can but do my best. I am so sorry you need help. Oh! don't try to move that heavy book for me—you have hurt your hand, Mrs. Varley says."

"Yes, I have hurt it—that's to say, it was hurt."

"By an accident?"

"Well, not exactly; there was a good deal of intention in it," and he smiled in a way that was very galling to Miss Falkland.

In the whole of this great city of London there was but one man whom she dreaded to see, and yet on the very first occasion when a meeting was possible it had pleased her ill-fate to set him before her. Well, she would play his accompaniments; he could not possibly recognize her; she had only seen the crown of his hat, and he had seen nothing of her. Being so sure of this, her woman's nature asserted itself, and while taking off her

gloves and bracelets with trembling fingers she said, rather anxiously, "Does your hand give you much pain?"

"A little, but it is only one finger that is hurt; the doctor says it will be all right again in a week or so."

"Then you had to send for a doctor," she said, looking regretfully in his handsome face.

"No, I took my finger to him. It is nothing; don't think about it."

"The person who caused the accident must be very unhappy," she remarked, tentatively, taking off her last bracelet.

"I wonder what she thinks of the transaction," he answered, smiling. "I think it is very doubtful whether she thinks about it all. But we must begin, they are getting impatient. Mrs. Varley wants me to sing this," she said, putting Maude White's setting of "The Devout Lover" in her hands. "Do you know it?"

"I know Mr. Walter Pollock's words, and of course I know Miss White's setting; I heard it at the Haymarket—I think I can play it."

She played it charmingly; his voice was indeed magnificent, but in the midst of his triumph she heard some admiration of her playing. "So clever of her to sit down and read that at sight." "Most beautifully played!" "Most striking!" "If they use the word 'striking' again," thought Miss Falkland, "I shall go home."

"I have so enjoyed that, Mr. Carlton," she said. "Do let me say so: that is singing."

"You made me sing well if I did," said he. "I have never been so well accompanied in my life. And that accompaniment was by no means an easy one to play at sight."

"No, it is not particularly easy. If you could but have played it yourself the thing would have been perfect."

"Do sing something classical now!" pleaded Mrs. Varley.

"Oh! yes, something classical," was echoed on all sides.

"They want to talk," he whispered.

"How classical must it be, Mrs. Varley?"

"Oh! go back as far as ever you can—that's what I call classical."

"Plutarch spoke of music as a superficial vulgar science, Plato didn't like places where they infuriated persons with words and songs. I suppose that is too far back?"

"Oh! don't tease me, Mr. Carlton; something classical I want—what's called classical, you know. There was a pretty thing of Mozart's they used to sing, 'Batti, batti,' sing that."

"Not to-day," said he, laughing; "haven't I had enough of that?" Something was found, and he sang it, and then something more.

"Oh! thank you, dear Mr. Carlton," cried Mrs. Varley, effusively, after yet another song; "it is so kind of you—so really kind to do so much for our amusement, and when you are in such pain, too. Now, will you take Miss Falkland to supper?"

"Are you in pain?" she inquired on the way to the supper-room. "I hope not."

"Oh! no; Mrs. Varley exaggerates so. I should have forgotten all about it long ago if she didn't keep reminding me of it."

"But if you are in pain that reminds you. I hate pain myself!" observed Miss Falkland.

"What a strange world this would be," he continued, "if every woman went through the same amount of physical training that men do, and was as strong of limb and heavy of hand as they are!"

How irrelevant this remark would have been if made to any one but Miss Falkland. She knew what prompted it, and as if in despair of keeping to indifferent subjects, said: "Some women are. Have you never seen any?"

"No, but I have felt one."

"Ah! the person who gave you the blow:

you said it was given by a person feminine."

"A soul feminine saluteth thee," says the divine Williams; she saluted me pretty vigorously. Won't you have some salad?"

"Thank you. It was an accident, I suppose."

"So far as I was concerned it was, but the blow was meant for somebody."

"Then you didn't know her?"

"No, she was not a personal friend of mine," he replied, with a bright smile, "and I scarcely think she ever will be."

"Was she young or old?"

"I had no opportunity of discovering that, but, judging from her behavior, I should imagine that she must be a kind of Betsy Trotwood in age and tone of thought; at the same time her voice was pretty enough."

"What kind of a voice was it?"

"I don't know how to describe it; it was not unlike yours. But don't let us waste any more time on her; only let me advise you never to do a good action."

"I never do; never by any chance."

"Oh! he is telling you how his hand was hurt!" cried Mrs. Varley, who had approached unawares. "Mr. Carlton, you wouldn't tell me!"

"Oh! no, he is not," said Miss Falkland, blushing. "Mr. Carlton has said nothing but that it was done by a lady—accidentally, of course."

"A lady!" repeated Mrs. Varley, joyously. "Then, my dear Mr. Carlton, I can easily predict the end of that little adventure. You will marry her. I am quite certain that you will marry that lady!"

"I marry her! God forbid! I don't want a Jael in my tent."

It was lucky that his answer amused Mrs. Varley and made her laugh, or she might have seen how Miss Falkland was blushing.

"Ah, Mr. Carlton," cried Mrs. Varley, "you always were so opposed to woman's rights, and all that we higher-minded

women most cared for. I used to be just as narrow-minded as you till I read Mill *On the Suppression of Women.*"

This malaprop of poor, foolish, little Mrs. Varley's was most acceptable to Miss Falkland, for it created a diversion which enabled her to recover her natural appearance at her leisure. Mrs. Varley went to "hold her head to other stars," and Miss Falkland and Mr. Carlton were left to eat their supper in a crowd which was not company. They talked of all manner of things, and the fortune of the evening was retrieved. Never in Margaret Falkland's life had she met with any one with whom she was so entirely in sympathy. Never in Edward Carlton's had he seen any one whom he thought so charming. They talked with ever-increasing expansion and delight. He forgot everything but that he was talking to her; she entirely forgot the painful occurrence of the afternoon. Time sped by without being so much as thought of. At last they discovered that they had never returned to the drawing-room and the society of their fellow-creatures, but were sitting in a remote corner of the conservatory, talking as if they had known each other all their lives. Startled at the thought that her father might be wanting to go, and looking for her, she said: "We have been here a very long time; we seem to have forgotten that there is a party going on. We ought to go."

"Before we go may I, now that I know you so much better, tell you what I think of your music? It is exactly what music ought to be and seldom is. No one ever accompanied me before who so completely fulfilled my every wish. You are a thorough artist—you seem to paint the keys. I should so like to try one or two other things with you. Do you ever come to Mrs. Varley's Wednesday afternoons, or might I perhaps some day—?"

"Oh! I will come here!" exclaimed Miss Falkland, abruptly. "I do sometimes; I will come next Wednesday—

that's the day after to-morrow. I ought, for I haven't been to one of her Wednesdays for ages."

She almost thought that he had been about to express a wish to call on her. Call on her, and then the hideous secret would have been revealed! "I am sorry I can't ask you to come and try them at my own home," she continued, recovering herself. "My father and I live together; we are quite alone, alas! He is out all day long in the city, so I can receive no visitors but a few very old friends."

Fools madly rush, and he had been on the point of rushing into an inquiry as to whether he might not call on her, when she had not even a mother. He was quite aware that gentlemen ought to wait until they are asked to call, and that not to do so is to "bless the English conveniences" most grievously, but one touch of real music makes the whole world kin, and that was his excuse. "Let me hope," he said, "that some day I may be privileged to call myself an old friend."

She did not respond; how could she? He had had so much of the world's worship that he liked her all the better for not responding. He took her back to the drawing-room to her father, and wondering why she did not introduce them to each other, bowed and left her, and then to him the evening was over.

"Margaret, my dear, who was that good-looking young man who came upstairs with you?" asked Mr. Falkland, as they were going down-stairs.

"That was Mr. Carlton. Didn't you know?"

"Mr. Carlton! And you didn't introduce me!—and you knew how much I wanted to see him."

"How stupid of me not to think of it!"

The moonbeams fell coldly on the waving masses of lilacs when the Falklands reached home. "How pretty they are!" said Mr. Falkland. "By the bye, Margaret, you really ought either to watch those lilacs or have them watched.

When I came home this evening the pavement was literally strewn with fragments."

She had them watched, but never again watched them; never, that is to say, save on the one occasion in the week when the whole power of the household was barely sufficient to protect them. This was on Sunday afternoon, when the children were streaming out of the Sunday-schools, greedy for plunder, and irresistible in strength and cunning.

## CHAPTER II.

MISS FALKLAND did go to the Varleys' that Wednesday and on other Wednesdays besides, and she never went without finding Mr. Carlton there; she never came away without finding that her liking for him had increased. His liking for her was of equally vigorous growth. Sutherland Villa was only a mile from Mrs. Varley's, and the natural way to traverse the distance was by walking. Many were the straits to which Miss Falkland was one day put to avoid having Mr. Carlton as her companion when she went home. After that day of difficulty she found it advisable to come and go in the carriage.

"You say you live in Kensington," he said, one Wednesday; "why do you never walk here? Kensington is not more than a mile off."

She dared not walk lest he should again propose to accompany her and she not be able to prevent him, but she continued to go to the Varleys' rather frequently, and he continued to appear at the same time.

After some weeks of this, Mrs. Varley said one night to her faithful spouse in the stillness of her chamber, "My dear, have you observed that Edward Carlton always comes on our day now, and can you guess why? If you can't, I can: he is in love with Margaret. I have fancied he was ever since our last party, but I am sure of it now, and I have made up

my mind to take the first opportunity I can find to speak to him about it."

"There you go," said Mr. Varley; "speak to him indeed! You women are all alike! You, my dear, fancy that you have discovered a sensitive spot and can't be happy till you have thrust your finger down on it."

"My finger won't hurt; I am not going to say anything that he will mind."

"Say nothing at all, Selina; keep quiet. If Carlton does come here to see Margaret, small blame to him, say I. Why should you make him uncomfortable by showing that you notice it? Leave him in peace. I hate the British matron's method of dealing with an incipient love affair; she almost always crushes it out of existence. In the East the old ladies go about making marriages, here in England they seem to prefer going about marring them."

"Old ladies, my dear? I am not old!"

"But you will be some day; let me instill some good ideas into your mind before that day comes. Say nothing to Carlton or to Margaret either; let them go their own way."

"They don't go—they come," she said, snappishly.

"Let them come then. Don't you rag about them, saying: 'Oh! don't for a moment suppose that I can't see how desperately you are in love with each other, and don't think that every one else doesn't see.' Let them be happy. The match is suitable in every way, he is certain to distinguish himself at the bar, she is as good as she is pretty."

"Well, perhaps I had better say nothing," said Mrs. Varley, drowsily, and here for the moment the matter ended.

But the first Wednesday that came after this found Miss Falkland so dissatisfied with the situation that she resolved to escape from the discomfort of it by confessing the truth. She would reveal to Mr. Carlton that hers was the hand that dealt

the blow, and trust to his generosity to forget it. If he were unable to do so, he would be equally unable six months hence, and the sooner she knew it the better. She felt so much happier when she had taken this resolution that she carefully selected her prettiest dress and bonnet and walked in her brave attire to the Varleys', though black clouds were grouping themselves together ominously in the sky and a few drops of rain were falling.

No carriage for her that day. He would possibly be in the balcony; he often was when she arrived there. Could he be looking out for her? If he were there to-day he would see her arrive on foot and would doubtless propose to accompany her home. How far would he walk with her? On the way she would tell him what was on her mind, and if after that he continued to walk with her and was as friendly as before, surely all would be well. By the time she reached the Varleys' some of her courage had oozed out at her fingertips, but it was not to be put to the proof till she went home, and the respite was most acceptable.

She could see that he was in the balcony—she could even see how pleased he looked when he caught sight of her. Were it not for that confession, how happy she would now be! Suppose, after she had made it, she saw a distinct change in his manner—say, for instance, a cold politeness emphasized perhaps for the sake of making a person who had no good breeding of her own apprehend that politeness was being shown her. Full of these tormenting thoughts and struggling with a desire to flee away to her own home and be at rest, she slowly and doubtfully ascended the stairs and reluctantly entered the drawing-room. He had studied her face so thoroughly that he could see she was uneasy about something.

"Something has distressed you," he said, when he found an opportunity of speaking without being heard by all.

"Is distressing me you mean," she an-

swered; "I will tell you about it presently."

"Tell me now."

"No, there are so many people here to-day. I can't tell you without being overheard."

"You walked here; are you going to walk back?"

"Yes, I am going to walk back;" she spoke as mournfully as if that walk would conduct her to some gloomy prison.

"Mayn't I go part of the way with you then? You have never allowed me to walk even the length of this street with you."

"You shall walk with me to-day," she answered, but there was nothing in her voice to lead him to think that she looked forward with any pleasure to this walk.

When Miss Falkland left no one particularly remarked that Mr. Carlton followed her almost immediately. When he went into the hall she was still there trying to find her umbrella.

"What kind of a handle has it?" he asked.

She began to tell him, and at once remembered that it was the self-same umbrella with which she had struck him and that he might recognize it. In another moment she had caught sight of it lurking among a little sheaf of less noticeable ones in a dark corner, her hand had closed over the blue knob, and she had hidden it away from his sight. That umbrella was not to be allowed to reveal the tale which she herself had come forth to tell. Once outside the house he looked in her face to see if it were again unclouded. It was not. She was wondering how much comparatively undisturbed happiness she might allow herself before acquainting him with what might alter their relation forever. Sutherland Villa was a mile off. St. Luke's Church was about a third of the way; she would walk to that church and tell him there.

He was, perhaps, counting up the amount of pleasure in store for him, for

he asked: "Whereabouts in Kensington is Sutherland Villa?"

"I am afraid it would be difficult to make you understand. If you go as far as Kensington I will show it to you."

"Of course I shall go as far as Kensington. You don't suppose I would lose any part of the pleasure of walking with you! Besides, I am curious to see what your home is like."

"All homes of a certain class are very much alike in London," she answered, curtly. She could already see the tower of St. Luke's, and wished she had fixed on a place a little further off. A few heavy drops of rain fell on the pavement in front of them.

"Won't you let me put up your umbrella?" he suggested.

"It is scarcely worth while," she answered, clutching the blue ball firmly.

"Oh! but I am afraid it is. Let me open it for you."

She quickly opened it herself.

"Let me hold it over you then."

"Oh! no, I like to hold it myself," she said, and walked on in silence, for the church was very near now. But why should she wait for the church when the thought of what she had to do when she arrived there was poisoning all her pleasure in the present? "Mr. Carlton," she said almost humbly, "I want to tell you something."

"Speak," he answered; "'tis mine to hear."

"I am going to speak, but as the rain is over I will shut up my umbrella, and then I can see your face while I am talking." Extreme nervousness was making her think aloud.

"Allow me," he cried, and in spite of her resistance took the umbrella to close it for her, saw the blue handle, and exclaimed: "A blue handle! Oh! I can't bear to see you with an umbrella that has a handle like that!"

"Why not?" she asked, faintly, for she was afraid she knew why.

"Because that virago who did her best to smash my finger had one of that kind."

"Did her best to smash your finger!" she repeated, in dismay.

"Yes, the boys had been stealing her lilacs, and I was passing and saw a great branch which they had partly broken and used to drag themselves on the wall by. I thought it was a pity to let it be quite torn off, so I tried to put it back over the wall, and she came stealthily forward and gave me a blow with an umbrella which had a handle—a remarkably solid blue one—just like yours. It is detestable to think of that creature having an umbrella like yours!"

"Poor woman! don't call her names; you might even like her if you knew her."

"That creature!" "Virago!" It was all but impossible to make her confession now.

"I am quite sure I should not. How could I or you, or any one, like a woman who plants herself behind a wall and hits out at all comers at a venture with a dangerous weapon like that? It is charitable of you to think of giving her the benefit of the doubt, but I know, if ever you saw her, you would think of her as I do. It is a woman's first duty to be feminine; no lady could have done what she did."

"What would a lady have done then—under the same circumstances, I mean?"

"Oh! you know that a thousand times better than I. I can't help thinking that she would have felt a great deal of pity for the poor little children who came into her bright neighborhood from their own dark dismal homes, with never a bit of green, much less a flower, to gladden their eyes, and when they saw the lavish plenty of both on her trees could not restrain their hands. She ought to have understood what they must feel, and have given the poor children a share of her own abundance, instead of trying to hurt them. Such blows as hers—"

"Oh! I don't at all agree with you,"

said Miss Falkland, boldly interrupting him, for she was fighting for all she held dear. "If the children rang the bell and asked for flowers it was her duty to give them, and give them freely, but it couldn't be her duty to encourage stealing, or to let the children destroy the growth of years in a few minutes."

"You are logically right; you have the law on your side, no doubt, but all the same I have a horror of that girl, and now that my hand is better I may say so. By the bye, I must not let you forget that you were going to tell me something."

"I have changed my mind—at least I am afraid I shall not have time to tell you now, for I have just remembered that I want to call at the third house from here to see a poor old friend of ours who is ill."

"Don't go to-day; you said I might walk as far as your home. It is the first walk I have ever had with you, and you are going to cut it short!"

"I must call and see her to-day. I ought to have gone long before this."

"It is too late to go and see any one now. It is much later than you think. It is after six."

"That does not matter. She won't mind its being late."

"Then let me wait outside for you and finish my walk; don't defraud me of that."

"No, thank you. Don't wait. I shall not walk any more to-day. I must stay with her till the last moment, so I shall get her to send for a hansom for me."

"You are not angry with me about anything?" he asked, in great concern. "Can I have been so unfortunate as to have offended you?"

"Certainly not. How could you? Seeing the house suddenly reminded me that I ought to call on poor old Mrs. Lawson, that's all. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, then," he said, with unmistakable dissatisfaction. "You will

let me see you at the Varleys' next Wednesday, I hope?"

She smiled and bowed, but her bow was in token of farewell and not of assent, and thus she left him.

Not next Wednesday—not on any Wednesday—never again would she go to the Varleys' until all memory of him was forever forgotten by her. When would that be? What lapse of time would enable her to forget? With tears she asked herself this as she toiled up-stairs to the friend whom she had not expected to see that day. She and Mr. Carlton had had their first walk and their last. Never more must she see him.

"How pale you are, my dear?" said old Mrs. Lawson. What would she have said had her eyes been younger? Miss Falkland was paler still when she reached her home. She was late and feared that her father must have returned from the city some time ago and be clamorous for his dinner, and she was still in her morning dress.

He heard her come in, and hurried out into the hall to speak to her, carefully shutting the door of the room he had just left. "Margaret, my sweetest, how late you are! Who do you think is here? You will never guess. I was just coming quietly home as usual, and walking along in rather a brown study, when I heard some one asking me if I could direct him to Sutherland Villa! I looked up and saw it was Mr. Carlton. 'Sutherland Villa,' I said, in some surprise; 'are you going there?'"

"'Oh! no,' he answered, in a great hurry, 'I only want to know where it is, and what it is like.'"

"'It is my house,' I said, 'and I am on my way to it. My name is Falkland. By the bye, you have some slight acquaintance with my daughter, I think. I was much disappointed at not being introduced to you at Mr. Varley's, and reproached my daughter for omitting to perform that ceremony. Let me introduce myself

now.' He walked here with me, saying something about having had a discussion with some one about the exact locality of Sutherland Villa, and being anxious to be able to confute him."

"And when he saw the house, father," said Margaret, breathlessly, "did he seem surprised or startled?"

"Well, my child, now that you put the idea into my head, I think he did; but perhaps I am wrong; not being a young lady, I don't think I am quick at observing shades of difference in young gentlemen's deportment. I only know he seemed remarkably glad to come inside, and still more glad when I invited him to stay and dine here."

"You have asked him to dinner?"

"Yes; why not, my dear? Now will you go and say 'How do you do?' to him while I go to the cellar?"

"Oh! please don't make me do that, father. I must dress—I am so late already."

But Mr. Falkland ruthlessly opened the door of the drawing-room and said: "You will, I fear, think me very unceremonious, Mr. Carlton: I have already left you once, and now must leave you again, but only for a minute or so, and my daughter is here and will bear you company."

This said he left them. Carlton was by her side in a moment as she, shrinking away from him, stood where her father had left her, close by the door, not daring to raise her eyes from the ground. "Miss Falkland," he exclaimed, "do you mind shaking hands with a fool?"

She left his outstretched hand ungrasped—she never so much as raised her eyes from the ground.

"You are angry with me, and no wonder."

"Angry with you, no—only so ashamed!"

"I am the one who ought to be ashamed."

She shook her head. "What you said was quite true."

"On the contrary; you are a living refutation of every word I uttered. Never in my life have I seen any one who so completely realized my highest ideal of womanhood. Won't you shake hands, and be as if this had never been?"

She half raised her hand, let it fall again, and burst into tears. "It was such a horrible thing to do," she said, faintly.

"It was quite right to do it," he interrupted. "Now that I have been round the garden with your father and have seen the lilacs—"

"Oh! don't—don't talk of them—of it—of anything!" cried Miss Falkland, in her anguish.

"I don't want to talk of them. I want to tell you that I love you—that I have loved you for weeks. I want to ask you—"

Suddenly the door opened and Mr. Falkland half entered the room. He must have heard the last words—he must have seen something in their faces which showed that he had returned at a very unfortunate moment, for muttering "Dear me, how stupid I am; I have forgotten to tell Jackson something," he abruptly retreated. When, some twenty minutes later, after hearing his daughter go to her own room, he did return to the drawing-room and Mr. Carlton, he found himself in the presence of a man whose one anxiety was to be his son-in-law.

MARGARET HUNT.

## FLOWERS.

THE possession of a garden with a disposition to cultivate nature's productions has been the means of preventing a great deal of domestic misery.

The cultivation of flowers or vegetables

with flowers is a veritable "paradise of delight."

During the past few months we have been permitted to enjoy to the fullest extent the perfume of field flowers and rare



has a charm for the workingman which no other occupation can afford—it is a pleasant blending of labor and recreation and affords healthful diversion from the prosaic routine that attends the daily life of a laboring man.

A rose is among the most beautiful of the smiles of nature and a garden filled

exotics. The beautiful flowers that have filled the air with fragrance during the spring and summer months now plead for the attention that is necessary to insure their preservation during the winter. Great care must be exercised in the selection of the plants that are to be potted—a "stalky" geranium, a rose bush covered with limp, discolored leaves is a distressing sight to those who love flowers. Healthy, vigorous plants rob the winter of half its gloom.

Many people are in the habit of removing plants from the bed in which they have flourished during the summer, without preliminary preparation, then if the plant cannot recover from the shock caused by the sudden removal from the ground, they wonder why it presents such a distressing appearance. A few practical suggestions will prove invaluable to those who are liberal enough in their views to cast aside old, worn-out methods in favor of later formulas that have been well tested.

Ten days before taking the plants from the beds make an incision with a sharp knife half-way around the plant. At the same time trim off the outer branches of the plant. Water thoroughly, and five days later trim the other side and cut the roots. Let the plants remain five days longer, then place them in the pots and immerse in water for one day. By this process plants retain a fresh, vigorous appearance, and in the course of a few weeks are covered with new leaves.

It is not generally known that a sickly plant frequently owes its condition to souring of the soil. The roots absorb acid and unless a remedy is applied the plant will die. Re-potting is a tedious undertaking and we ought to rejoice that a method has been discovered whereby the re-potting of plants during cold weather can be avoided. Incredible as it may seem, plants can be *scalded* into a healthy condition. Stir the soil and deluge with hot water. The drippings will probably be tinged with brown if the root is acidulated. The plants must be kept in a very warm room until new root points have formed.

Rotted forest leaves and wood ashes added to rich earth makes an excellent bedding for pansies. They can be kept in bloom all winter by carefully picking off the faded blossoms.

Self-sown verbena plants can be raised after the following method. During the first or second week in October the beds should be slightly covered with manure containing considerable straw. The cov-

ering must not be removed until the last week in April. Remove the dead verbena stalks of the previous year's growth, then rake the ground lightly. In a short time the self-grown seedlings will appear by the hundreds. Verbenas, as well as all other plants should be transplanted on a dull, showery day.

The India-rubber tree, with its handsome leaves and fine form, is a very desirable house plant; it will thrive for years under almost any conditions.

One teaspoonful of phosphate in two quarts of water is an excellent plant invigorator. An ounce of guano mixed with six quarts of water is also good for potted plants.

If the careful housewife who throws up the windows to facilitate the evaporation of the smoke from "John's horrid cigar" would allow the smoke to circle around her highly prized plants she would not find it necessary to syringe them with insecticides. Tobacco is an effectual and safe fumigator, as well as an annihilator of the small, almost invisible insects that create havoc among our highly prized house plants.

Flowers are both beautiful and cheap. The tiniest wild flower often brings gladness to a saddened heart, and to the invalid whose days upon earth are numbered, they bring refreshing fragrance and abiding faith in the love that shelters even the lilies of the field.

"In me the meanest flower that grows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

— Wordsworth.

#### THE PRESERVATION OF LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

A TINY flower or leaf pressed between the pages of a book often

"Bring back to memory  
The days of long ago."

It may be only a faded flower, only a withered leaf, yet to many they are more precious than silver or gold.

A practical knowledge of the art of pressing flowers will prove of great value to an ingenious person. Flowers that have been pressed between the pages of a book lose the brilliant tint which is their chief attraction, and cannot, therefore, be used for decorative purposes. It has been said that contact with printer's ink causes the flowers to fade, and it is quite probable that, while in a fresh condition, they do absorb the poison.

To press flowers successfully they should be arranged with great care. Those of a fleshy nature require a longer time than those that are more transparent. Procure a small folio, thin double newspaper, four sheets thick, and between each fold place two sheets of soft, fine, clean, white cotton-wool. Place the flowers to be pressed between the sheets of cotton-wool, filling up the sheet as quickly as possible, then inclose it in the newspaper and carefully turn it up around the edges. The packet must then be placed in large books under pressure.

Do not be tempted to take a peep at the flowers until they are quite dry, for if the air is allowed to reach them they will not retain the color which is so desirable in pressed flowers. Scarlet geraniums and other flowers of a vivid hue will retain their color and can be used to deco-

rate lamp shades, panels, etc. A large vase containing a bunch of pressed golden rod makes a very pretty "corner decoration."

The method of preparing skeleton leaves is somewhat tedious, and if directions are followed the result is sure to prove satisfactory. The leaves should be soaked in a quart of spring water containing a tablespoonful of liquid chloride of lime. By this process the leaves assume a skeleton form in four or five hours. To stiffen them, immerse for a moment in a weak solution of gum arabic.

In pressing leaves and flowers an effort should be made to preserve their individuality as much as possible. Too much "fixing" will prevent the plant from lying in a natural position and continued handling is liable to cause mutilation.

A thin coating of varnish applied to pressed leaves, when they are thoroughly dry, gives them a natural appearance and prevents them from crumbling.

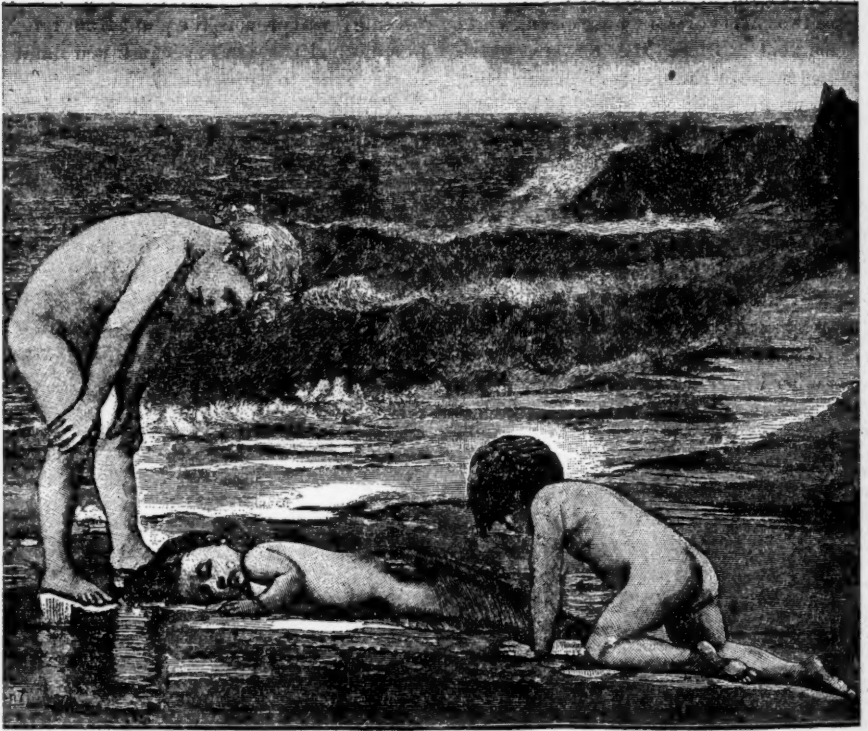
Great bunches of autumn leaves fastened over picture-frames or massed together over the fire-place, gives the family sitting-room a warm, cozy appearance and keeps fresh the recollection of merry rambles that were taken earlier in the season ere the bleak winds of winter robbed trees and bushes of their summer raiment.

M. A. THURSTON.

## THE MER-BABY.

THEY wandered forth, linked hand in hand,  
To watch their father's speeding sail,  
When lo! they saw it on the sand,  
A mer-baby, with folded tail.

They strove with many an artless wile  
To wake it up and make it play;  
The wan sea-baby would not smile,  
All pale and motionless it lay.



THE MER-BABY.

A mer-baby—all pale and dead—  
Left stranded by the ebbing tides,  
With seaweeds wreathed about its head,  
And silver fins upon its sides.

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Its eyes were closed as though in sleep,  
Its fingers clasped as though in pray'r,  
The little land-babes could but weep  
To see it lying lonely there!

Then out and spake the elder one—  
(His eyes as azure as the wave)—  
"We will not leave it here alone,  
But make for it a pretty grave,

"Near where our little sisters sleep,  
Hard by the hedge where violets  
grow,  
Where mother often goes to weep  
And mind her children in a row."

They took it to their mother dear,  
She loved not mer-folk over-well,  
For she had heard those tales of fear  
The deep sea fishers have to tell,

And well she knew that bleaching skulls  
Lie hidden in the changeful main,  
Neath where the syren lures and lulls  
The mariner with dulcet strain.

This—aye, and more, the mother knew,  
Yet when she saw a thing so fair  
With curling tail all silver-blue,  
And fingers clasped as though in pray'r,

Near where her little daughters slept,  
Hard by the hedge where violets grow,  
Where oftentimes she came, and wept,  
To see their green graves in a row,

She made for it a pretty bed  
All velvet-soft, with gathered moss,  
And sat a sea-shell at its head,  
Because she dared not set a cross.

And "Heaven grant, my babes" (said  
she),

"If father sinks beneath the wave,  
The fish-tailed people of the sea  
May make for him as soft a grave."

VIOLET FANE, from *Woman's World*.

## WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

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EVERY mother and housekeeper in limited circumstances knows by sad experience that "money seems to have wings," when there are hungry little mouths to fill and little backs to clothe warmly, and it is a difficult matter to "come out even from one pay-day to another," and yet there seems to be nothing to show for the expenditure.

Strong, healthy people who work must not be stinted in food, therefore it is no economy to "pinch" in this direction. We number among our friends many good and refined women who must make forty-five, fifty, sixty or seventy dollars monthly pay the rent, grocer's, dry-good, butcher's, coal and doctor's bills, besides the extra expenses.

Many of them are sadly worried over the debts which will accumulate, making it such a difficult matter to "catch up," while others come out even, but never have anything left over, in case of sudden need.

Only a little while ago we met a dear, shy little woman, honest to a penny, who poured into my ear a tale of sorrow too commonly told.

Starting in her married life with a capital of two thousand dollars and a good little farm, they did nicely for six years, when they became tired of hard work, sold the farm and moved to town, buying a small house and lot, the husband getting a seventy-dollar position in a railroad shop. They had three years of comfort, when the husband grew tired of the close confinement, gave up his place,

thinking "he could easily find another," when he wanted it, and a year was spent in trying to find an "easy" job. A big strike came on, everything was out of gear, and one day my friend found herself with actually fifty cents in the family pocket-book and duns were persistently coming in.

The husband was forced to "beg" a ride to a neighboring city, where he secured work, but board was high, and he feel sick, for a time he could send home nothing.

After months of hard work he was enabled to partly square up and send for his family, getting better pay all the time, but somehow the money didn't buy much.

The children, lacking books and clothes, were forced to remain at home during school terms, while not one of the family had sufficient clothing during the intense cold weather or a whole pair of stockings.

"We have denied ourselves every comfort to save the money to pay back debts," said the little woman, "and we are almost free. I am looking forward to having a decent dress," was her merry way of putting things one day last autumn.

Death entered unexpectedly that home during mid-winter. Shortly after we met the sad mother clad in a badly worn dress and cloak, seeming to have lost all hope, saying:

"It's of no use for us to try or hope for better things. It is not intended that we should prosper."

Death had caught them without money

and in a strange city, and funeral expenses must be paid.

The sad face haunts us; we love her, yet cannot help seeing that much of her suffering would not have been if she had been a "good manager" and had watched closely the household expenses. When asked by her "how we manage to pay as we go and never seem to be financially bothered," we tried earnestly to tell her 'twas only by keeping persistent and accurate accounts of our expenses and watching carefully the markets, buying on sales, never buying fruits and vegetables before they are sold at living prices, and mending carefully all wearing apparel, table and bed linen, curtains, carpets, etc.

We believe in eating nourishing food, yet we cannot afford choice game and cuts of meat, but do try to cook cheap, fresh meat in ways that will save all their good juices. Nice gravies save butter, which is expensive. With corn and oat-meal, cracked wheat, and the many cereal foods we sustain life well and cheaply. We never "sugar" our fruit or sauce until it is cold, and then it doesn't take so much. We cannot afford to buy fine canned fruit by the single can, or run bills at the butcher's and baker's. Before we purchase the least article we count the cost and look at our cash supply.

"How penurious!" and "I hate stinginess," I hear whispered about me.

Not so, I can scarcely walk down town without longing to have dollars instead of cents to give to poor souls who do need help so much.

We working people need to read the magazines and papers, study well the helps and household economies, and practice them. Getting the greatest possible good out of a dollar is not stinginess. If a father, or husband, works day after day to earn those dollars, surely it is not stinginess in the women folk to want to get for all parties the real value.

If a woman's hand has toiled for them she will not want to fling it away. The "home" should be the one spot where cares should not enter. Freedom from debt means freedom from worry, and an untroubled mind is a valuable possession.

We find it very hard to pay for what we have eaten or have worn out, and personal experience teaches us that the only way to find out where the money goes is to note down in black and white its flight, and to keep a strict watch over the contents of the family funds, knowing that we are in a great measure responsible for many of our own troubles, which, with a little forethought, might be averted. A little money in the pocket (honestly earned) is calculated to soothe the fears of many tired women who have long watched "money melt away."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

## MOTHERS.

### AUNT ETHEL'S "RAINY-DAY CLUB."

**A** GAIN did a rainy day come round; but it was met without any tears or even a scowl upon the part of our little friends. Even Baby Jack had learned to regard a rainy day as one of exceptional privileges, for was that not the day upon which he was allowed to wet with his tongue some "ammals," as he always called them in his imperfect baby language, and, oh! unheard-of delight! *stick* them on the wall? He had learned, however, that they were to travel round the surbase, and to be stood upon their *feet*, so he kneeled down on his little fat knees and, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, placed his "ammal" triumphantly in position when his "turn" came, for they took turns in this fascinating work.

Then came the scrap-book, for Aunt Ethel did not approve of many beginnings and few endings. She made it a regulation that, at each meeting, something was to be done to the scrap-book before any new work was begun.

"What to day, Aunt Ethel? Something all new?"

"Something altogether new," answered she, smiling brightly. "We are going to amuse the very little ones this time."

A shadow *almost* fell upon the faces of the two children; but then, they had *almost* learned to trust Aunt Ethel implicitly, so the shadow was but indeed a shadow, and as quickly fled.

"You see," said their aunt, without seeming to note any change in their countenances, "it is a settled fact that *babies* must be amused. Even such little *men* as Baby Jack need it sometimes. So, now I propose that you each shall make some toy to amuse a younger child, and you will at the same time be amused and interested in the making."

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"I have the materials for Cecile's work here," she continued, producing a handful of bright-colored worsted braids with a skein or two of gay silks. "You, Howard, will be obliged to *hunt* for your materials. You will need a piece of stout paste-board, about six by ten, say (an old box will do), a piece of twine, a pair of strong scissors, or a sharp penknife, and a lead-pencil. Now, sir, go away, and return with all those articles. Get what you can, without bothering any one."

"The twine and the penknife and the pencil I have in my pocket, Aunt Ethel!" answered the boy, eagerly, producing at once the articles in question.

"Precisely so, young man," laughed his aunt; "so I supposed. And from what I know of boys and their pockets, you would have the paste-board in there also, if ten by six were not a shade larger than any boy's *pocket* (but not larger than his ambition). Well, now run along and ask cook, or nurse, or any one, for an old box."

"I have one of my own; I don't need to ask any one."

"So much the better, my boy. Well, go and get it."

Meanwhile, Cecile was to be started in her work. "But, Aunt Ethel, I don't quite think I like to *sew*. It doesn't seem much fun to me."

"Well, dearie, I think you *will* like this. In the first place, the work itself is pretty; in the second place, the babies *do* want something nice and bright *so* much; and in the third place, the whole thing is so easy and so quickly accomplished that I believe you will have finished before you have had a chance to tire of it."

"What is it to be?" asked Cecile, pacified.

"It is to be a pretty, bright ball for the very little ones; a ball with two fuzzy ends; a ball so soft and so pretty that they

will scream with delight when they see it, and enjoy playing with it as long as it lasts. Isn't that a lovely thing for one little girl to be able to do with so little work and such pretty work and such little time?"

Aunt Ethel certainly possessed the magnetic power with children of persuading them to take *her* view of the subject at hand, and consequently, in a few moments Cecile was diligently at work, thoroughly inspired with her aunt's enthusiasm.

"Now, Cecile, we will make this about two inches across. We will not try a very large one at first. To make it round, we must make a strip six inches long and three inches broad; but, as we want a little for the 'fuzzy' at each end, we will allow it *five* inches broad, and this gives us an inch of fuzz. Now then, I will cut you the first two strips of braid the proper length and then you can go on cutting them until you have sufficient. The braid is an inch wide, so that six would seem to be enough; but we must allow for the 'taking up,' as we women call it, in the sewing. Now you have them cut, how will you arrange them?"

"Let me see—this way, I think—red, yellow, blue, gray, red, yellow, blue, gray—Will that do?"

"That is a very good arrangement. You see that when you come to join them into a round that the gray and red will come together again, and that will make a pretty contrast. Now over-seem the red and yellow together neatly with a dark cotton. It is not necessary to make it very close. So. Now thread your needle with this pale-blue silk and make a cat-stitch down the seam just made—so—"

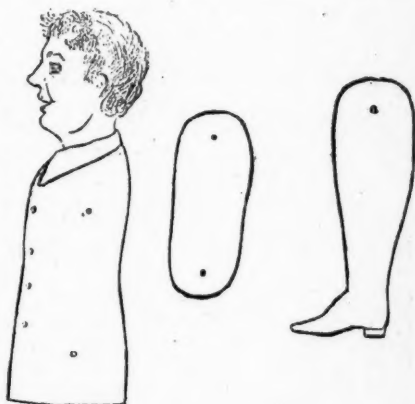


"Tis true, Cecile's work was not quite even, but the effect was very good and the pretty contrast of the pale-blue against the red and the yellow quite inspired Cecile with a desire to go on, "to see how the rest would look."

Having established her at work, Aunt Ethel now turned her attention to How-

ard, who had meanwhile returned with his cardboard. "Now, my boy, you are going to make a couple of dancing-men. I will mark on the cardboard the parts of one man and then you can make the other man by drawing around the first one. See! I only make a head and a body—so—"

"Then I make his legs in two pieces



—so—You see, the proportion is not very particular."

"But you have made no arms!"

"Wait until you have cut out another man just like the first; then I will tell you about the arms. After you have cut the body, mark eyes and hair, and buttons down his coat. Oh! I forgot! It would be as well to give him two ears, also. Now, Cecile, I have come to attend to *you* awhile. How nicely your work grows and how well you have contrasted the silks with the braids. That bright orange looks very gay and appropriate upon the blue and gray. I see you are almost finished, as you are beginning on the second set. When you have finished the whole strip, fasten the first and last pieces of braid together as you have fastened all the rest. I shall go on with my knitting for a little, now, until you need me again."

So silence reigned while Howard cut and Ethel sewed, and Baby Jack played sea-shore, having grown tired of watching the performances of the others. Presently everything was ready for completion.

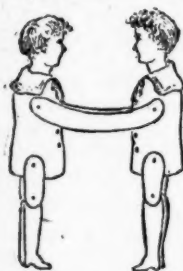
"I think I shall take you in hand first,

Howard, this time. Now cut another piece of cardboard *this* shape—



Now fasten these on at the shoulders by knotting two pieces of string together, passing both pieces through small holes punched with knife or scissors and tied again on the other side. I take *two* pieces of string because I can make them tighter, as I can tie *two* close up to the cardboard, while *one* would be likely to slip—see? Now fasten the legs together at the knee in the same way, and again at the hip. See! Your men are now fastened together, though loose at shoulder, hip, and knee. Punch two more holes somewhere about the shoulder of each man and fasten in a long, fine thread. Now you are ready to begin. Tie one thread to something—the leg of a chair, say—and keep the other in your hand, keeping the men just so high that their feet will touch the floor. Pull your string a little tighter or looser, and the men will make the most amusing motions.”

When the men were entirely finished they looked like this—

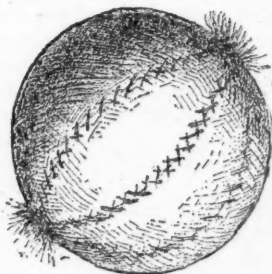


When Howard pulled the string Baby Jack screamed with delight to see the men jump about, first one up and the other down. Howard soon learned to add very much to the general amusement by the peculiar manner in which he jerked the

string. So amusing was it to them all that it was at once decided that this toy should be laid away for one of Baby Jack's rainy-day amusements, as the child could soon "make it go" himself; and Howard resolved that, upon the next "Club" day he would make another for the Orphans' Home.

"Now for the finishing of Cecile's ball!" exclaimed Aunt Ethel, as she turned to the little girl, leaving Howard to amuse Baby Jack with the delightful new toy.

Cecile's work being all fastened together in one continuous round, she ran a thread around each of the open ends, leaving about an inch margin for "fuzz." Having drawn one end up and fastened it securely, she stuffed the little back thus made with cotton-wool. Then she tightly



drew up the other end and secured it in the same manner. Next a narrow ribbon was tied round each end and secured by a stitch or two. Then, with a coarse needle Cecile fringed out the loose ends of braid and her work was complete.

"Aunt Ethel, would you mind if I gave this to Dorothy's baby? I heard her telling cook, to-day, that he 'fretted awful with his teeth,' and that she 'worried with him day and night.' Perhaps it might keep him quiet a little. Poor Dorothy looks, oh! so tired. Isn't that 'charity,' too?"

"Certainly, dear child. Give it wherever it is needed. Some other rainy day, when I'm not here, you can make one all by yourself for the home. You know how they are made now; so we will put the braids in the rainy-day box, and there you are for another time."

#### EASY KNITTING WORK.

"I CANNOT bear sitting with my hands before me," said a friend to me the other day, "and there is so little work you can do while you are sitting with children."

This remark set me thinking that perhaps a good many mothers might be glad to know of some nice, easy play-work, which they could do. So I looked out some easy patterns in knitting, which I have often done myself, and which do

not require the close attention which most crochet and wool-work need.

First of all, then, here is a half-square shawl for the shoulders. Use single zephyr and No. 5 wooden or bone needles. Cast on three hundred stitches. Knit plain, taking two stitches together in the *middle* of every row, and two together at the *end* of every row until you have only ninety stitches left. Then knit two together in the *middle* of each row, and two together *twice* at the end of each row, until you have no stitches left. Put a fringe at the edge.

A smaller size can be made by casting on only two hundred, and reducing to seventy-five, before beginning to take two together twice over at the end of the row.

A larger and more useful size by casting on three hundred and eighty, and reducing to one hundred and twenty.

**KNITTED VEST FOR A BABY.**—Get two bone needles, No. 10, and cast on seventy stitches.

Knit eight plain rows, then do a piece of ribbing till you have ninety rows, of five purl and five plain.

Knit twelve plain rows, then cast off all but fourteen stitches, which are to form the strap for the shoulder. \* Knit three rows plain and three rows purl till you have made the strap thirty-eight rows long.

Now pick up fourteen stitches from the opposite side, and repeat from \* for the other strap. Cast off. You have now half a vest, and all you have to do is to knit another half exactly like it without the shoulder straps. Then sew up the sides, and join the shoulder straps to the opposite piece.

A pretty edge can be made in crochet.

First row.—One treble, one chain, put the hook through two stitches. Repeat.

Second row.—One treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, one double, one chain. Repeat.

Third row.—One double, five treble, one double into treble loop, one single into double stitch.

**AN EASY COMFORTER.**—Wooden pins, No. 2. Cast on forty-eight stitches. Put your wool *forward*, slip one, knit two together. Every row alike.

**HUG-ME-TIGHT.**—This, as its name shows, clings closely to the figure, and is a most useful jacket for wearing underneath the usual outdoor wrap.

Bone needles, No. 10 or 12, for a tight knitter.

Knit a straight piece of plain knitting, about two fingers wide and a yard long. Then lay it on the table and fold it so that the ends meet in the middle, like the side flaps of an envelope. Sew the ends together, and part of one side, leaving holes to put your arms through. The joins ought to form a **T**. Sew on six strings, one at each corner on the side of the base of the **T**, the others two inches right and left of it.

**TO USE UP ODDS AND ENDS OF WOOL.**—Knit any odd scraps of wool of any color into squares, small or large, according to length, then sew the squares together. This makes most comfortable crib quilts or perambulator rugs.

I think I have given you enough to go on with, but if any mothers should want any particular pattern in knitting, I will do my best to supply them.

## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

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*Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on all subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.*

### FOR THANKSGIVING.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I come in, please? Once before this I have knocked, rather timidly it must be confessed, at the door of this pleasant little sanctum, but think you could not have heard me, because I have never received any recognition. However, here I am again, and now that I am in I hardly know what to say.

Suppose I tell you how I make chicken-pie—as I was taught by a dear old grandmother-in-law when I first began house-keeping. I have improved on the recipe, some—that is, the crust; her rule, if I remember, was this: For a pie of usual size sift a six-quart pan three-fourths full of flour, melt a pound of lard and a piece of butter as large as a turkey's egg in sufficient water to make a dough of the flour. Let the dough cool, then roll out sufficient to cover the bottom and sides of your pan, put in the chicken, cover with remainder of the dough, cut a slit in the top, and bake until done. Now here is the rule I follow, now: Prepare and disjoint your chickens exactly as for a fricassee, boiling until tender, and seasoning with salt and pepper. Sometimes I boil one-half pound of salt pork with them, cut in slices, and other times use butter instead. We like both ways. For the

crust take two quarts of sifted flour, thoroughly sifting with it three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, in this rub one cup of lard and one-half cup of butter, wet up with sweet milk, have a six-quart pan well buttered, roll out two-thirds or a little more of your crust, line the pan (by the way, I do not butter the edge of the pan, but wet it instead to make the crust stay up better), then put it in the oven and bake the under crust. Then take out, put in your chicken, having removed the largest bones, scattering bits of butter over the layers if you have not already flavored it with the pork. Sometimes I put in a few split crackers, I also chop the giblets and put in, but many do not like them. Thicken the broth, of which there should be two or three cupfuls, at least (I have never measured it, but there should be enough to pretty well cover the chicken, even then you may be obliged to add more juice as it bubbles away), with flour, as for gravy, turn over the chicken, put on the upper crust, pinching the edge to that of the under crust, which should be moistened with milk. Cut a cross in the upper crust; if desired it can be ornamented around the edge with a vine and leaves of the crust. I frequently do this to please the children, cutting the leaves with a tiny cookie cutter. An hour and a half in a moderate oven will bake this pie nicely. If the top crust is brushed over with milk it gives a nice brown, although it is not necessary, as the crust browns very nicely, anyway.

I learned something the other day which I just want to throw in here "by way of a slant," as a good old neighbor of mine says. I was making squash pies and had a little scalded milk left. It was just warm when, making my pie-crust, I took it to wet the dough up, and I don't

think I ever had any nicer common pie-crust. Suppose, right here, I tell you how I make it: Sift a heaping teaspoon of baking powder (I always use the Royal) with a quart of flour; add a teaspoonful of salt, rub in the flour as much lard as you can get in a cup, in winter softening it first, and a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg; to tell the truth, I seldom measure either butter or lard. Wet up with either water or sweet milk, do not knead at all, but handle as little as possible, taking out just what is needed for one rolling, have a little flour on your bread-board, roll the lump of dough over to get it floured, then roll out. A little practice will make you perfect in it, and you will be surprised to see how tender and nice your crust will be, and with what little work. Here is another "wrinkle:" I very often prepare several quarts of pie-crust, all but the wetting, keeping it in a cool place till wanted for use, and all I have to do when a pie is wanted is to take out what I want, wet it up, and "bake in a pie." With this crust I do not see why pies are unhealthful, and in this way they are certainly quite as easily prepared as any dessert.

Two good-sized chickens will do nicely for the pie I have described, although three may be used, if small. For the filling of my squash pies, I take a quart of the steamed, drained, and sifted squash, and a teaspoonful of salt, two or three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and one teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon; for this quantity use one quart of rich milk. Bake the same as custard pies.

Our Thanksgiving table is never complete without a chocolate cake, made as follows: White part—one cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda; chocolate mixture—one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-half cake of Baker's chocolate, grated, yolks of two eggs. Cook together until as thick as good cream, let cool, then stir in one-half cup of flour in which is mixed one-half teaspoon of soda. Prepare the mixture first and while it is getting cold make the white cake; then stir together thoroughly, and bake in layers. Icing—whites of two eggs, sixteen tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, the juice from one-half a lemon, one teaspoonful of

corn-starch. Beat until stiff, then spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

Here is a plum pudding easily made, and nice: Take crackers, the amount proportioned to the size of your family, split and butter them, place a layer of them in your pudding dish, buttered side up, sprinkle with fruits, currants, if liked, raisins and citron cut thin; then another layer of crackers, then fruit, until the dish is sufficiently full. Pour over them a nice custard, let stand an hour or so, then bake in a moderate oven until done—from thirty-five to forty-five minutes should be enough.

Here is another plum pudding, of which I frequently in cold weather make several at a time, to be warmed up in the steamer when wanted: One cup each of chopped suet, molasses, and sour milk; one each of raisins, currants, and citron; one teaspoonful each of soda, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and nutmeg, flour to make a very stiff batter—about four cupfuls, I think, though I have never measured it. Boil in a tightly covered vessel—I use a five-pound lard pail—four hours, or steam, as preferred. If you have not sour milk, use sweet, with two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. If preferred, only raisins may be used for fruit. Serve with sauce, white or brown. Here is my rule: One cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of flour well mixed, wet smoothly with a little water, then cook until it thickens in nearly one pint of water, add a piece of butter as large as a small egg, flavor to taste. If brown sauce is wanted, use brown sugar or molasses.

Rose, a friend of mine, took tar from a woolen dress by rubbing well with the yolk of egg until the tar softened, then wash in clear water.

There are lots of things I want to tell and ask, but I am almost afraid the door will be shut so I can't get in with this budget, it is so large. If it shouldn't be, I'll bring another one another time.

SISTER MARIE.

[And it isn't, you see, so we shall hold you to your promise. Your former communication was not received. May we give you a rule for squash pie which is much liked in our own household? Scald one quart of rich, sweet milk, turn over one pint of the sifted squash, stirring well.

Beat two or three eggs with one cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt (scant), stir into the first mixture, flavor with lemon and bake in one crust as custards. In giving your recipe for squash filling did you forget to say "sweeten to taste?"

#### KNITTED EDGINGS.

##### No. 1.

Cast on nine stitches.

First row.—Take off one stitch without knitting, put thread over needle, knit two stitches together three times (putting the thread over each time), then put the thread over and knit the last two.

Knit back up the needle each time, perfectly plain. Thus the second, fourth, and other even rows will be plain.

Third row.—Take off one, knit one plain, thread over, knit two together three times, as before, putting thread over each time, then thread over, knit last two plain.

Fifth row.—Take off one stitch, knit two plain, remainder of row same as before.

Seventh row.—Take off one, knit three plain, remainder like previous rows. The rest of the pattern is knit in the same way. Take off first stitch, knit one more plain one each time than in the last row down until you have eleven plain stitches, making twenty stitches in all. Take off first one, and knit down the last time plain, slip and bind off all stitches until only nine are left to begin again. If you wish wider lace, use more stitches to begin with, if narrower lace, use less, always choosing an odd number of stitches.

This is very pretty and easily made. I have used it for a long time. I am glad to be able to contribute a mite to ARTHUR'S, as I have been a constant reader of the Magazine ever since I can remember.

ROSE SUTTON.

[This "mite" is very acceptable, indeed, and we hope to have more from you.]

##### No. 2.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

First row.—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit six.

Second row.—Slip one, knit five, over,

knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

Third row.—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit six.

Fourth row.—Bind off four, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

Fifth row.—Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

Sixth row.—Slip one, knit two, over, knit one, over, slip two, knit one, pass two slipped stitches over knitted one, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

Repeat from first row.

This is simple and pretty for under-clothing.

MRS. J. G. M.

[The sample certainly shows it to be pretty, and your directions are very plain. We have another fifteen-stitch lace from a friend in Fryeburg, Me., which we would be glad to use, but which upon being tested seems not quite correct. If A. M. C. will re-write it, the rule shall have a place among our "Notes."]

#### "HOME" RECIPES.

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—In return for the many good recipes I have received from you through the "Notes" I venture to send the recipe for mustard pickles asked for by Kate B. D. in the July number. They look just like the pickles we buy and are considered very nice. Please try and "report."

Take one head of cauliflower; cut into small pieces; wash; mix thoroughly with it a large teacup of salt; let stand over night. In the morning wash and put to drain. Take the same bulk in onion sets, not larger than a penny; peel them; then salt and drain as the cauliflower, and the same quantity of cucumbers, from one to two inches long, that have been previously collected and cured in salt. After the cucumbers have been washed and drained from their brine, cut all over one inch long into two or three pieces, as preferred. Put the pickles all in one large vessel (not tin) having about one-third of each. Take as much good cider vinegar as will cover them; add two bell-peppers (seeds removed), and boil about ten minutes;

skim out the peppers; then, while boiling hot, pour over the pickles; stir; let stand awhile; drain off and measure the vinegar; return it to the fire until it again comes to a boil; then pour over the pickles, which are scalded thus three times in order to make them crisp. The last time let the vinegar get entirely cold, and to every quart of the vinegar allow one-fourth pound of the best yellow mustard. Pour the vinegar, a little at a time, slowly into the mustard, stirring constantly; then add the pickles; if not enough to cover them, add more vinegar. Bottle up tight, or put in air-tight cans, as it will be apt to lose its strength. Will keep a long time.

MRS. L.

DEAR EDITOR:—I send two recipes for our "HOME" housekeepers and want every one to try them, as I know they are good. First is mother's way of making dumplings on bake-day. Take out a quart of dough when you put your bread in the pans; mix into it one egg, a tablespoon of sugar, and a little flour. When light, mold or cut a short time before cooking in sizes not larger than biscuits; then drop into a kettle in which is boiling one and one-half cups of water, one-half cup of sugar, and a piece of butter half as large as an egg. Drop the dumplings in gradually, and boil rather briskly for twenty minutes or until dry and nicely browned on the bottom. Keep the kettle tightly closed while boiling else they will become sodden. Eat at once with milk or cream sauce.

GRAHAM PANCAKES.—One pint of sour milk, two eggs, and Graham flour enough to make a batter not too stiff; add one teaspoon of soda, dry, and stir thoroughly. Bake on rather hot fire. These are nice if just right. Try them.

Would like to ask if any one can tell me about "oil transfer" or "short-hand painting," and where I can get the material for same?

BROWNIE NO. 2.

[Is the "oil transfer" the same sort of decorative painting that we know as "French transfer," we wonder? If so, we can tell you about it.]

DEAR "HOME" EDITOR:—I feel as if I would like to cheer "Brownie" on account of her letter in the April number.

If a woman can save herself work, I think she should make it a study to do so. Wishing to add my "mite" to the Notes I send my recipe for lemon pie, which has not been given, as yet: Juice and grated yellow rind of one lemon; add one cup of water and one of sugar and place on the stove to boil; when it boils stir into it the beaten yolks of two eggs and white of one, reserving one white for frosting, and two tablespoonfuls of flour or corn-starch; wet smoothly in a little water. Stir the latter in gradually until the mixture thickens up, then add a small lump of butter. Have your pie-paste made, line a tin, and bake before putting in the filling, then return to the oven, after filling and frosting, long enough for the latter to set. I think you will like this, as you can bake two or three crusts at a time and fill them at will. Long live the "HOME" and "Housekeeper's Notes!"

MRS. M. J. B.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE "HOME" DEPARTMENT:—I think if A. M. M. would try putting a piece of muslin about one inch in width around her pie she would like it much better than the "smoke stack." I never knew one to run over, fixed in this way.

V. F.

[There are many ways recommended for preventing the leakage of juicy pies. One is, to cut the upper crust enough larger than the plate to allow of the edge being tucked beneath the edge of the under crust. We wish, however, that those of our housekeepers who experience this difficulty would try the following: Line your pie-plate; sprinkle a portion of the sugar to be used on the lower crust; fill the paste as usual, adding the remainder of the sugar; wet the edge of the under crust thoroughly and press that of the top crust carefully upon it after covering the pie. Do not have your oven too hot at first.]

NICE CAKE RECIPE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, whites of three eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in two layers, in a hot oven. For the frosting, beat the yolks of the eggs, with one cup of pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful of

extract of vanilla, twenty minutes; spread between the layers and on top.

HELLIOTROPE.

—  
**TO USE COLD BITS OF MEAT.**—Take "left-over" bits of lean beef or ham, chop fine, then put into your frying-pan, in which you have melted a small piece of butter, and let fry a little while you mix two tablespoonfuls of flour smoothly with a little milk or water, stir this into the frying meat, then add sufficient boiling water to make a gravy of proper thickness—or add the water first, if preferred. Toast some slices of light bread, turn the meat gravy over then, let stand a few minutes, then serve hot. This is a nice breakfast dish.

Will some one kindly tell me how to use concentrated lye?

LINDA.

—  
**COOKIES.**—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, mix together, add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of sweet milk and baking powder in the proportion of two heaping teaspoonfuls to one quart of flour. Flavor to taste.

Did any of you ever try making pumpkin pies without milk or eggs? Use water instead of milk, preparing the pumpkin the same, other ways, save that no eggs are used. Put more of the mixture in the tins than when using milk and eggs, and bake the pies slower and longer. They will dry down to the right thickness.

WEST FERNDALDE, W. T. MRS. J. S. NORTON.

[Those would be real pumpkin pies, wouldn't they? Here is a tested rule we would like you to try, sometime, using milk and eggs: To one quart of the sifted vegetable, take two quarts of scalded milk, two cupfuls of molasses or sugar, as preferred, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, grated nutmeg, and ginger, and six eggs. Use less spice, if preferred. Or—soak two rolled crackers a half hour in two quarts of rich milk, add one quart of sifted pumpkin, in which has been mixed one teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, a little salt, half cup of molasses, and two eggs thoroughly beaten with one cup of granulated sugar. Stir the mixture well. This makes three or four pies; the first rule given makes six.]

#### NOTELETS.

**DEAR EDITOR:**—For two years I have been a housekeeper, and during that time have enjoyed your Magazine so much that I wonder how I could do without it. I have found many useful hints and recipes in the "Notes" and herewith return hearty thanks for them. Have used Mrs. L. N.'s recipe for washing ever since I read it in the January number, and am delighted with it. I just wanted to shake hands with Aunt Prudence after reading her little talk in the June number. In regard to slighting the ironing she expresses my sentiments exactly. Why waste our time and strength ironing articles which, if folded neatly and smoothly, do quite as well? I do my own work and enjoy it, and am anxious to find the best way of doing it.

HADEE.

[And our department is designed as a medium for the exchange of those very "best ways" as well as of tested recipes, etc., between "HOME" Housekeepers.]

—  
**DEAR "HOME:"**—May I give my way of washing with coal oil? It is a little different from the one given in January number, and I think I like it better. Have your boiler two-thirds full of water, dissolve in it one-half pound of good soap; when it is boiling, add one tablespoonful of coal oil. Put your sheets (I say sheets, first, because in winter we like to get them out first so they will dry) and heavy clothes to soak in a tub of warm water while the water in the boiler is heating, then wring them out and put in the boiling suds, allowing them to boil ten minutes. Put in pillow-cases next, towels, etc., after which throw out these suds, or wash colored flannels in them; then put on the boiler again with clean water, put in the other half pound of soap, another tablespoonful of coal oil, and have clean water for soaking, then wash out the shirts and other fine clothes. Rinse in two waters, taking pains to rub out the suds. Dirty spots, bands, etc., will come clean better if rubbed with soap before putting in soak. The last boiling suds will be nice for white flannels, etc. A teaspoonful of coal oil in starch will give a nice gloss, and keep the irons from sticking.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR EDITOR:—I wonder if any "HOME" mother would like to try my plan of making stocking supporters for their little ones? I have four small maids between four and twelve years of age, and the outlay for supporters was quite a serious consideration, until I hit upon this plan: Take web elastic (or garter elastic, as it is sometimes called), cut in pieces proportioned to the age of the child, or size rather, allowing a little for hemming the ends. Use safety pins for fastenings, pinning one end to the stocking, the other to the waist. These "give" much better than when one-half tape is used, are easy to make and keep in place, and are so cheap that it is no great harm if one is lost, since you haven't got to buy a new pair of supporters to take its place.

Will the editor please give me, if possible, a recipe for making catsup of tomatoes without cooking. I have seen and eaten such which was delicious, but have never been able to obtain rule for making.

MOTHER MARION.

[We are glad to be able to give you a recipe for raw catsup which we are sure you will appreciate. The celery may be omitted if preferred although to most tastes it is an improvement: Take four quarts of ripe tomatoes, cut fine, two good-sized horse-radish roots, grated, one

cup of mixed black and white mustard seed, one of brown sugar, and one of nasturtium seeds and onions, cut fine, one small teacup of salt, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, and the same of red pepper, seeded and cut up fine, one-half ounce of celery seed, or six or eight stalks of celery, cut up fine, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one each of cloves and mace, and one quart of best cider vinegar. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, without cooking, and in a little time you will have a delicious catsup which will keep well if simply covered in an earthen of glass jar.]

DEAR "HOME":—I think if Mrs. S., who in the June number asks for roseleaf lace in crochet will try Mrs. Torsey's "pin-wheel" lace in the February "Notes" she will find what she asks for, as I have frequently heard that called roseleaf lace. It is also called "Irish point lace." Will somebody please give tested directions for crocheting a sacque for a year-old infant? I have directions, but only for three-months old.

MRS. C. A. M.

Will some reader of "Notes" please send a plain rule for making a toboggan cap? Also tell me a sure cure for ring-rounds?

SISTER MOLLY.

## "HOME" PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS in the January number. Solvers' names in February number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 43.

#### PHONETIC CHARADE.

First is a name we sometimes hear;  
It is not mine, that's very clear.

Second is something all 'tis true,  
Most frequently at morning do.

Puzzlers who search for whole will find  
"A species of gull" is called to mind.

SHARLEY.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 44.

#### WORD SQUARE.

1. A plant affording a blue dye. 2. A Turk-  
isk silver coin. 3. A man or boy habitually  
negligent of neatness and order. 4. A public  
house. 5. To weaken (obs.). 6. A small, sing-  
ing bird.

HERMON WILEY.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 45.

#### CONNECTED ACROSTIC.

1. To bound. 2. A Latin prefix, signifying

within. 3. A round molding, the quarter of a circle. 4. Pulverized sugar candy. 5. An animal of very slow motion.

Primals: Objects of interest and curiosity.

Finals: To indent.

Connected: A plant, related to the dandelion.

MAX WELTON.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 46.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Would'st thou prognosticate, and win

A seer's fame?

In letters few I tell the art—

"O, con thy name!"

LUCY FERR.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 47.

DIAMOND.

1. A vowel. 2. An intoxicant. 3. A diseased person. 4. An instrument of force. 5. An ancient river. 6. Sailed from port. 7. Moving power. 8. A useful instrument. 9. A consonant.

HERCULES.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 48.

DOUBLE ZIGZIG.

1 . . . 12  
2 . . . 13 .  
. . . 3 14 .  
4 . . . 15 .  
5 . . . 16  
6 . . . 17 .  
. . . 7 18 .  
8 . . . 19 .  
9 . . . 20  
10 . . . 21 .  
. . . 11 22 .

Cross-words: 1. A carrier. 2. Fragrance. 3. A loiterer. 4. A tribute. 5. A tropical bird. 6. A sort of pear. 7. To sustain. 8. To delight in. 9. To sever from a common. 10. A fish which lives at the bottom of the water. 11. A county of Scotland.

The zigzag, from 1 to 11, and from 12 to 22, name dainties especially dedicated to certain holiday seasons.

"MERRY MACK."

### ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 31.

August—(Awe-gust).

No. 33.

1. Horse-chestnut.
2. Lady's-slipper.
3. Plantain-tree.
4. Chamomile.
5. Woody-nightshade.

No. 32.

DONAX  
OVATE  
NABOB  
ATONE  
XEBEC

No. 34.

1. Mexico.
2. Maguey.
3. Pulque.

No. 35.

A  
RL  
CABOOSE  
AI GD  
T I  
EE TA  
REREIGN  
AO  
N

No. 36.

1. H-eral-d.
2. P-earl-y.
3. P-arle-y.
4. B-arely.
5. G-lare-s.
6. V-arle-t.

SOLVERS.

Partial lists of answers to August "HOME" puzzles have been received from Cassie Willis, A. H. Todd, C. L. S., "Merry Mack," Mrs. H. D. S., "Katharine Tiptop," Nellie S., "A. S. Olver," "Fern," H. L. G., Maidie, Elmer Shaw, and "Biddy Ford."

### ROLL OF HONOR.

Complete lists of answers to August puzzles are from "Mike A. Doe," Mabel E., and "Brownie."

### PRIZE WINNERS.

Fringed gift book—Brownie. Subscription—Mabel E. Drawing slate—"Katharine Tiptop." Scrap album—Cassie Willis.

### NEW PRIZES.

Complete lists: First, "Woman's Trials," by T. S. Arthur. Second, "My Days and Nights on the Battle-field," by Charles Carleton Coffin. Third, "Off to the Geysers," by C. A. Stevens. Incomplete lists: First, "Grandfather's Chair," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Second, "The Story Teller," by Hans Christian Andersen.

### CHAT.

Hercules.—Those puzzles are very welcome. Did your prize reach you safely?

C. W.—You see you won a prize, though you sent so few answers. Perhaps the August puzzles were harder than usual.

H. L. G.—By referring to the list of offered prizes you will see that we have acted upon your suggestion.

Elmer Shaw.—Answers to (for instance) November puzzles should reach the "HOME" office by November 25th in order to be credited properly. This gives nearly a full month for working out the solutions.

## BABYLAND.

### THE NORTH KING WILL REIGN IN A DAY.

A LITTLE bird sits on a leafless bough,  
The cool winds kiss its wings,  
While over the meadows and woodlands  
dim

Goes floating the songs it sings:  
"Brothers, brothers, sweet-voiced brothers,  
The North King will reign in a day;  
So turn your eyes to the sunny South,  
And fly, oh! fly away."

Down by the rocks where the streamlet  
flows

There is ringing a wistful song,  
A tremulous longing, a half-breathed sigh,  
And the echo is borne along:

"Brothers, brothers, sweet-voiced brothers,  
The North King will reign in a day;  
So turn your eyes to the sunny South,  
And fly, oh! fly away."

SAILOR.

### LITTLE NED'S SPELLING LESSON.

LITTLE NED sat on the punishment  
bench in the long school-room, his  
rosy cheeks rosier than ever and two great  
tears peeping from his brown eyes.

But, no, he wouldn't cry and he  
wouldn't say his spelling lesson either, and  
Miss Mollie said that there he must sit  
until he would say it.

His sister Annie was almost crying, too,  
as she looked over at her naughty little  
brother and thought how very sorry dear  
mamma would be.

"Miss Mollie, may I speak to Ned?"  
she asked.

"Yes," answered Miss Mollie.

The children all wondered what Annie  
was talking about, but by and by little  
Ned dropped the primer, and, putting his  
arm over his face, sobbed out so they all  
could hear:

"I can't spell 'em, Annie, 'deed I can't."

Still Annie went on talking. Suddenly  
her face brightened, and she whispered a  
great secret into the little boy's ear. Then  
she picked up the primer, for Ned's face  
had brightened, too, and put it in his  
chubby hands and walked softly back to  
her seat.

"I know my lesson now, Miss Mollie,"  
said Ned, standing on tip toe by the teach-  
er's desk and holding up his book.

"You do," said Miss Mollie, trying to  
keep from smiling; "well, I'm very glad  
you have such a good sister and I hope  
you will always do what she tells you."

Ned was in a great hurry to say his  
lesson. He spelled some of the words so  
rapidly that Miss Mollie could scarcely  
keep pace with him, and he spelled every  
one of them correctly.

"That was very well done," said the  
teacher.

Then, much to the amusement of the  
pupils, little Ned looked over to where his  
sister was studying her geography, and  
shouted:

"Annie, I spelled cow and all of 'em.  
When are you going to give me the  
orange?"

ELEANOR M'ELROY.

### WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

TWO little eggs in a nest,  
Here comes the mother-bird twitter-  
ing low.

Where did they come from? Can no one  
guess?

Mrs. Robin would like to know.

Two little birds in a nest,

They have bright eyes and soft, downy  
wings.

Where did they come from? The mother-  
bird knows,

For listen how sweetly she sings.

KATHARINE HULL.

## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### DARNING STITCHES.

THE stitches herewith given prepare the way for a new style of work—darning—and those now given are especially adapted to this purpose, being tapestry stitches in imitation of the wonderful old tapestries worked by the ladies in the time of William the Conqueror. Their chief merit lies in the ease and quickness with which a large surface may be covered by them. Two illustrations of these background stitches are given. In the first

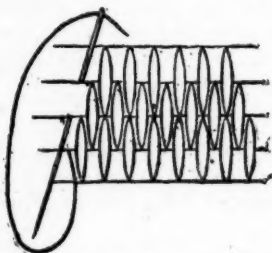


FIG. 1.

the worsted is carried over four threads of the surface of the material, and the needle point brought up to the left of the stitch, and half-way between its two ends—the worsted underneath thus passing over only two of the threads of the stuff—the next stitch carries the thread over the four threads directly above the needle point, and this stitch is finished as before. In this way the whole surface is quickly and economically worked.

In the second illustration, the worsted, while passing over four threads of the surface, passes over only one underneath—thus making the first figure in different proportions—but the effect when closely worked is very different.

Another effective cushion stitch is the

492

Russian cross-stitch here illustrated. It is something like the Persian, starting at the left and the stitches are graduated to fill in the whole of one portion of a design, instead of being filled by many rows of even stitches.

Holbein work (fig. 4) brings us very close indeed to darning work. It is made by a series of stitches, on the outline, very evenly and regularly done, like the careful “running” of a good sewer. Then a second series of stitches is “run” so as to fill in the spaces which were left vacant in the first line. The result is a very neat and even “back stitch,” but requires less material, which is often a serious consideration when expensive threads are used.

The design (fig. 5) in darning and half

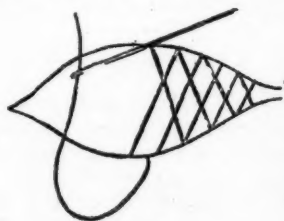


FIG. 2.

solid outline is stamped on the material and outlined more or less fully, and may be worked solidly or not, as desired. Then the background is worked or darned over, leaving the design to be expressed by the material itself, as in the illustration, where the flowers and leaves are in the original material and the background is so covered with darning in a contrasting shade as to entirely alter its original appearance. The stitch (fig. 6) is precisely like that used in mending stockings and table linen, but is made more regular by counting the

threads over or under which the needle is carried. A great number of designs may be produced and any figure consisting of formal lines may be darned in, but none is so satisfactory and so well repays the labor expended as irregular darning (fig. 7); for this produces a softer background with irregular, broken lights. When a pattern is, however, desired, it should be lightly indicated by pencil dots or by running in a white thread, which is afterward pulled out.

Sometimes borders are worked with a double strand of floss or silk in straight lines so close together as almost to touch each other, thus producing a solid looking embroidery. If done in mingled and well-chosen colors this work is as lovely as the Persian gems of needlework we treasure so highly.

Darned work may be done on any material, but a soft silk or linen is undoubtedly most fit; but materials with a raised

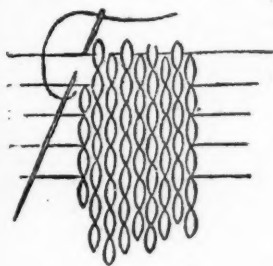


FIG. 3.

thread at intervals, like huck-a-back toweling, are good to learn the work upon, as the needle can run under each of the raised threads.

Nagpore silk and that called native silk are also especially adapted to darning.

The materials are partly prepared for use and consist of canvas on which a design is outlined by means of worsted threads of different colors worked in long, loose stitches from side to side so as to cover the body of the design with the desired colors and accompanying the canvas is the worsted to work with.

The canvas is basted closely and smoothly to the background and the design worked over the colored threads already laid, each stitch passing through the background just as if the design were stamped upon it, the stitch used being the

old-fashioned cross-stitch (worked one way only), or the cushion background stitches. When the design is finished the threads of the canvas are pulled out, leaving the design on the background. The work is extremely easy, and the only care necessary is to avoid the splitting of the threads of the canvas with the needle. This is often done, but it then becomes almost impossible to pull these threads out. The best background for the work is plush, as its long, soft pile receives and softens the edges of the design so nicely that it makes it difficult to believe the figure was not woven in the material. A short pile velvet is also good, but any material suited to the use it is to receive may be thus treated. The work is in patterns for chairs (backs or seats, or both), footstools, borders for curtains, portières, and all the smaller draperies.

Another new and odd style of work is coming in with the introduction of celluloids made in thin sheets.

This is used in a variety of ways, one of the prettiest being the work-bags shown in several stores and made as follows: A square of celluloid, twelve inches on a side, is bound round with a narrow ribbon. The corners are then lightly turned up so that they may all meet above the exact centre of the square. The folded edges must not be creased but only sufficiently folded to outline a second square within the one originally cut. The corners are then turned back, and across the

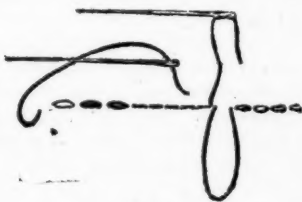


FIG. 4.

square a piece of ribbon six inches wide and twenty-seven long is laid diagonally so that the middle of the ribbon is exactly on the middle of the square. This is glued to the celluloid within the outlines of the inner square. Across this—diagonally in the opposite direction—is laid a similar ribbon which is neatly stitched to the lower one wherever their edges fall together. This will be found to be on each

of the four sides of the inner square. Or, if preferred, this ribbon may be glued as was the first; but the sewing is neater and does not endanger the color of the ribbon. The free edges are then over-seamed together, thus forming a bag with a square bottom (the top turned in for a two-inch

that too much decoration cheapens the appearance of the bag.

The flowers suggested above should be without leaves, and if stems are needed these should be short and not important.

The demand for chamois work has result-

ed in the production of dyed skins in many shades; Indian red, pale green, gray, and terra cotta being among the most successful of the colors, but a little more experience will give good results in almost every shade required. In the meantime chamois articles of every imaginable size, shape, and description are to be seen—chair backs being among the latest and least desirable of its novel uses. They are of the usual size, fringed across one end for two inches and worked or painted as

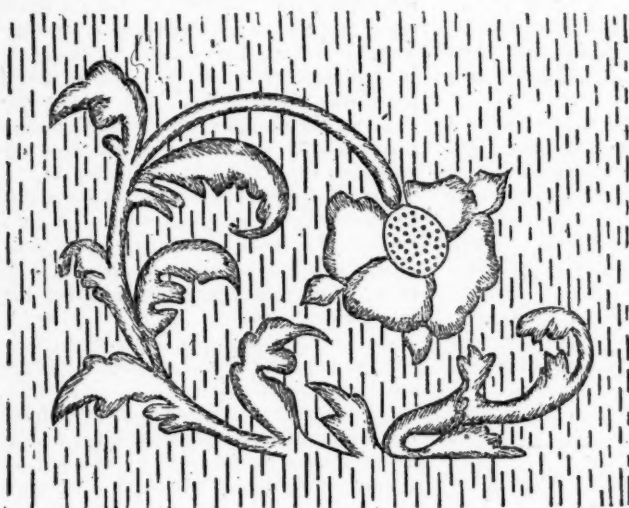


FIG. 5.—DESIGN IN DARNING AND HALF SOLID OUTLINE.

hem), and casings run in this for drawing strings of narrow ribbon. Then the corners of the original square are turned up against the bag and lightly tacked in place so as to keep them in an upright position. The celluloid can be obtained in large sheets and is readily sewed with a sharp needle and easily cut into shape with sharp scissors, but dull implements crack and splinter the edges. In some of the bags made as above the square is not bound but cut into scallops on the edges, and in each scallop is painted a small de-

desired; but they are not pretty and are entirely inconsistent with the nature of the material. A prettier idea is to cover the surface very closely with a stamped



FIG. 6.

sign in water color, the prettiest being the heads of pansies, violets, wild roses, succory, or whatever flower accords in color with the ribbons used; but it will be found

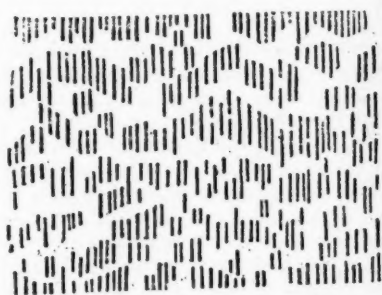


FIG. 7.—PATTERN IN IRREGULAR DARNING.

design of leaves and flowers, then the leather is cut away around and between the design, leaving just enough of it to hold the design together and in place. This lace-like chamois is laid over silk of contrasting color and lightly tacked here and there so as to keep the leather smooth

and lying close to the silk, which shines through the open spaces and adds greatly to the delicacy of color, while showing the graceful design in perfection. Scarf ends are treated in a similar manner with good results.

Two or three new materials deserve mention; one is Bolting sheeting, which, though all cotton, looks exactly like a woolen fabric with a diagonal weave. It can be obtained in blue, ecru, white, and brown, but in no shade of red, as yet. It is used in the larger draperies—portières, curtains, screens, and the like—and bids fair to be the most successful of all the lower grade materials for these purposes. It has many advantages, but is chiefly admired for the graceful, heavy folds into which it naturally falls. It is seventy-two inches wide, the price varying with the quality of texture and color. To embroider on it Bargarene is largely used, though in some instances a heavy floss silk called rope silk is preferred.

Another material not quite so new is Tycoon cloth, or as it is sometimes called, "double velours." It somewhat resembles a heavily ribbed velvet, but has a thicker, softer pile, and, like Bolting sheeting, is all cotton. It receives decoration well, its soft colors and velvety texture making a very exquisite background.

A pretty suggestion is for an ornamental bell-pull. A strip of velvet four inches wide and of any color which harmonizes with the wall-paper and upholstery, is cut of sufficient length, stamped, and worked with a running pattern of a vine, or similar plant, and, having been lined with silk or silesia, with an inter-lining of "crinoline," the edges are bound with silk braid or with a band of bias silk. The upper end is securely fastened to the bell wire, the fastening being hidden by rosette or bunch of ribbons, while at the other end is a large brass ring for the hand.

#### PRETTY INEXPENSIVE ARTICLES FOR A BAZAAR.

**L**ADIES are so often asked to help with the furnishing of a stall at a bazaar, that many will be glad to hear of a few inexpensive trifles that are easy to make, and attractive to purchasers when made. Bazaars are still one of the most

popular means for raising money for charitable purposes, but the general mistake is to make the goods offered for sale too expensive. It will be found that the money raised by these small goods mounts up in a truly wonderful way, so that ladies need not hesitate on that account to furnish their stall with trifles. Care must be taken, however, to display them effectively and to avoid massing them in a tray or box among other similar things. Few people will take the trouble to turn them over and select what hits their fancy. Small things, such as pincushions, should be tacked to a large sheet of card with the words "Novel Pincushions" written boldly and clearly above them.

One of the many inexpensive paper knives to be had just now, more especially at the Oriental shops, would fetch a good price at a bazaar, if inclosed in a little fancy sheath. This is made by laying the knife on a sheet of cardboard, and with a pencil tracing out the shape of the blade as far as the place where it becomes merged into the handle. Cut the cardboard just a quarter of an inch larger all round than this pencil line, and cut a second piece of cardboard exactly the same size. These are then covered with the material chosen for the cover, lined neatly, and sewn together at the edges. A very fine cord must be added to hide the stitches, and two or three loops of very narrow colored ribbon or cord sewn on to finish off the tip of the sheath. Satin, or any rich material that is not very thick, may be used for a case of this kind, and should be prettily ornamented with either painting or embroidery. The name of the future owner would be an appropriate decoration if richly worked in a slanting direction down the case. These are suitable for gifts to either ladies or gentlemen, and scissors cases may be easily made on the same principle.

Ladies who do their own marketing are often glad of a dainty little basket or bag in which to carry small parcels which are apt to slip out of grasp if carried home without a receptacle of some kind. Here is one that will answer the purpose of a work-bag also. It may readily be made larger, if required. It is worked with coarse crochet cotton or fine Macramé thread. A round piece of crochet like a mat is first made for the base of the bag, and then for the sides any open work

pattern is worked round and round until the bag is sufficiently deep. The last row is finished by a series of small picots of chain stitches to make an upright vandyked edge. This portion of the bag is lined with rich olive-green satin, which is double the depth of the bag, and is drawn up at the top with cord and tassels run into a deep hem. The cord simply consists of a rather thick length of chain stitch worked with double Macramé thread. Pompons of olive-green silk look better than tassels to finish off the cord, and a similar cluster of pompons looks pretty if they are attached by a tiny cord an inch in length, to the centre of the base of the bag. The double loops of cord which close the mouth also do duty as handles, and may be made long enough to enable the bag to be slung over the arm. Crimson or blue satin looks even prettier, but is less uncommon than the green. These crochet bags may, if preferred, be left unlined, two crochet handles added at the sides, and then the whole thing stiffened by soaking it thoroughly with stiff starch, pulling it into accurate shape, and leaving it till perfectly dry. It will then be quite stiff and firm, and will have the appearance of a very finely made basket of foreign straw. Colored ribbon may be run in and out the holes in the crochet, and pretty bows of ribbon should be added at each side. Waste-paper baskets may be made on the same principle and do not require handles. Crochet cords and tassels form the most appropriate ornamentation for these. Sometimes baskets of this and similar kinds are coated with varnish once or twice as a finishing touch. Every one must learn by their own experience; to my fancy the sticky feeling of the varnish never quite disappears, especially if the basket be held for any length of time in the hand or used near the fire. Hold-all bags are now manufactured of the Indian silk sashes that are used to drape curtains. One sash a yard and a half long will make one bag. Cut it in half. Take the two pieces and sew them together all around, leaving about a quarter of a yard unsewn in the middle of one side. Slip two small brass curtain rings on the bag, and draw up one end with a strong gathered thread into a point, which should be finished off with a large gold tassel. The other end may be left

straight and finished off with a row of Oriental coins or crescents. By procuring two sashes of contrasting or harmonizing colors, two bags may be made, the variety of color being a great improvement. Should the silk of which the bags are made be very flimsy, two or even three sashes of contrasting colors may be sewn together lengthwise to form one of these "rainbow" pockets. Many old ladies appreciate the gift of a long bag of this kind made entirely in black so as to be as inconspicuous as possible.

A useful flat bag for hanging up in a bedroom for holding work, letters, and other unconsidered trifles may be made of a piece of pretty cretonne, measuring ten inches wide and thirty inches long. This must have a narrow hem at each side and a deeper hem about an inch wide at each end. Turn up eight inches at one end to make a pocket, and sew it firmly down the sides. Slip a ring (a thick brass curtain ring will do, with brightly colored ribbon twisted round it) over the bag, and ornament the two ends with pompons or tassels. The ring serves to hang the bag up by and must be kept about two inches nearer the pocket, rather than in the centre of the bag. The end where there is no pocket hangs over the front of the pocket itself, and thus enables it always to present a tidy appearance however full it may be, however multifarious its contents.

A very large pincushion, combined with a work-basket, is made from one of the rush hats. The brim is edged with a coarse wire, and this is hidden by a row of chenille. The crown of the hat is pushed in as far as it will go without damage, and into this hollow is fastened a pincushion covered with brocade, or still better, with colored velvet. The brim of the hat is turned up all round, and with the help of the wire is bent about so as to make at least three little pockets for holding reels of cotton, etc. Wherever the brim in the course of its folds touches the crown of the hat, it must be secured to it with a few strong stitches. Rope tassels, made by unraveling the ends of rope or cord, ornament these hat-baskets in two or three places.

The small Turkish bowls that have of late been used as pincushions, are now turned to account as small bags (Fig. 1),

and are intended to hold a ball of cotton or wool when one is knitting or working crochet. The bag is of satin, rather deeper than the bowl, has a wide hem at the top with a running into which the narrow ribbon is passed which closes the mouth of the bag. To fasten the bag to the



FIG. 1.

bowl a number of small holes must be pierced just below the upper edge of the bowl, and large stitches or narrow ribbon run in and out through the satin and the holes. Small bows or rosettes are fastened at either side of the bow as a finish.

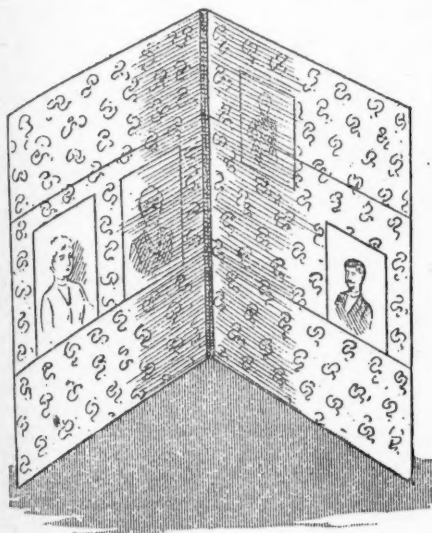


FIG. 2.

A frill of lace may be added to the upper edge of the bag, should it be considered an improvement. Fig. 2, shows a photo-

graph screen that is simply made, is useful for standing on a table to display photographs, and can be closed when preferred to protect them from the evil effects of dust. To make it, brocade is required, also cardboard, and a very inexpensive cardboard portfolio of a small size such as is sold to contain drawings. This portfolio must be neatly covered with brocade, which is turned over the edges of it to the wrong side, and is there fastened down with glue. A strip of brocade must be carried down the inside of the portfolio where the hinge is, so as to make all neat and tidy. Two pieces of cardboard must be cut the size of the inner side of the portfolio, these also must be covered with brocade which here is glued over the cardboard in a series of straight folds which run across the width of it. The illustration shows only two of these plaits, which are precisely like a portion of a dress-kilting, and are kept in place by being glued over to the wrong side. It is, however, easy to put three or even four should space permit. The photographs, of course, are slipped into these folds. The two pieces of cardboard are then firmly glued inside the brocade cover that has been already prepared for them, and the whole case put under heavy pressure until the glue is dry.

Of course, satin is equally appropriate for a portfolio of this sort, and it may be embroidered in any way that will suit the taste and convenience of the worker. Bands of satin or velvet ribbon may be substituted for the folds of plush inside with very good result.

Fig. 3 represents a novel style of case that would be extremely suitable as a small gift for a gentleman. It is intended to hold slips of writing paper on which memoranda of various sorts can be written down, and for which it is often difficult to find a stray piece that will answer just the purpose. The bottom of it is sloped, and this makes it easy to get the slips out when required. Made in a different shape and size, a case of this kind would be useful for post-cards, or larger still for music or newspapers. (Fig. 4.) The sketch shows one that is intended to hang up, but, with a little ingenuity, it would be just as easy to make one that will stand on a table like ordinary post-card cases. Five pieces of cardboard are required,

which are cut as follows: For the back—A piece measuring nine inches and a half long, and three inches wide, the top part being rounded off. For the front—A piece measuring four inches and a half long by three inches wide. For the sides—Two strips measuring one inch in width. As these side pieces are pointed at the bottom, one edge must be six inches long and the opposite one four inches and a half. The piece of cardboard for the bottom of the case measures three inches one way and one inch and three-quarters

and a strap of ribbon may be added on one side to hold a pencil if it is considered incomplete without it. A loop and bow of the same ribbon must be added at the top to hang the case up by.

Cardboard boxes without any lids can be easily fitted up as literary trays, or even as work receptacles. They need covering outside with some smart material, and quilting and lining inside. Silk is likely to be very popular for draping and covering boxes and baskets, and a twist of two sashes of tender, delicate shades

of color gives a very good result. For literary trays, to contain letters, etc., a few flat straps must be made in the lining to hold a paper-knife, pencil, envelope opener, scissors, and, perhaps, a flat pocket added into which can be slipped a small note-book or almanac. The work trays are made on the same principle but are fitted up rather differently, a pair of scissors, thimble, and pin-cushion taking the place of the paper-knife and writing implements, a needle-book being substituted for the almanac.

Among novelties of a more really useful kind is a child's bib, composed entirely of bands of white jean cut mathematically straight, and folded so

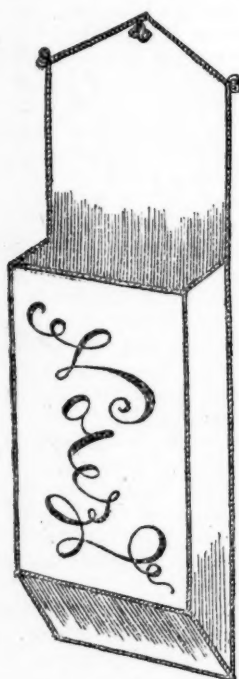


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

the other. These measurements will make a case to hold slips of papers that are seven inches long by two inches and three-quarters wide, but of course it is very easy to make one either larger or smaller.

All the five cards are covered with satin and lined with thin silk. They must then be sewn together, as shown in the sketch, and finally edged with a fine gold cord, or a plait of three strands of the new jewel arrasene. Any preferred ornamentation may be substituted for the word "Notes" that is painted on the model,

that all the raw edges are inside. These bands are then interwoven, one over the other like basket work, so that they form a series of squares. The edges are bound with soft braid so as to keep the bands even and in place, and a line of colored feather stitch carried over the braid. The bands need not of necessity be all white, but may be alternately white and blue, pink, or what looks and wears best of all, Turkey twill. These bibs may be varied in so many ways, also with the help of colored embroidery, that they are sure

to meet with a quick sale on any bazaar stall. Children's things, as a general rule, when well-made, sell more rapidly than any of the more fanciful and less necessary articles. Little woolen frocks, capes, petticoats, vests, and such things are always highly appreciated. They are easily and quickly made, but space will not permit of my giving minute details for their manufacture here.

SHIRLEY.

## SMOCKING.

LIKE many other things, smocking is uncommonly easy when you know how to do it. We have known a few ladies who have taught themselves, without any help whatever, but, on the other hand, many have given it up in despair. The whole beauty of smocking depends on the evenness of the gathering; if this is not beautifully even, the result will be



SMOCKED WAIST.

anything but what is desired. To work it evenly it is absolutely necessary to make a chart or guide, in order to regulate the exact distance of one stitch from another, and of each row of gathering.

To make the chart you must get a

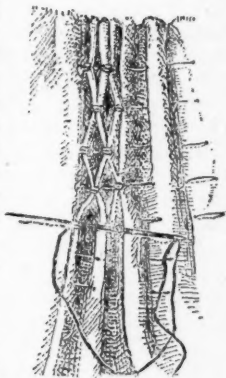
piece of fine perforated cardboard, as long as the width of the piece you wish to smock, and six inches in depth. You must also get a penknife with a very sharp point, and a smooth piece of board to lay the perforated card upon when preparing the chart.

Count three holes from one end of the card and from the side, and cut out the little square of card within the four holes. Now miss three holes, and commencing at the fourth, cut another little square out between the four holes. Repeat this to the end of the row. Now count five holes underneath the first one cut, and cut another hole exactly to correspond with the one above, at the sixth hole. You will now have five holes between the two little squares. Continue right along the row, cutting squares to correspond with those in the top row. Repeat in this way until you have exhausted the card, and then it is ready for use.

Lay the chart on the material you wish to smock, taking care to have it exactly straight. Keep it quite steady, and with a pointed piece of chalk mark through all the holes you cut in the cardboard on to the material. If the chart be not sufficiently deep to mark as much of the material as you want, slip the top row of holes down to the last row of dots, and go on marking as before. In moving the chart take care to lay it exactly in the right place.

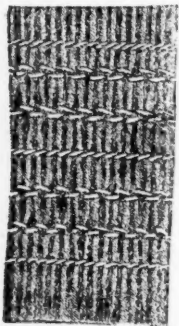
Now to gather the material. Procure a long, fine needle, and thread it with cotton, making, of course, a knot at the end. Put the needle in at one dot and out at the next, and so on to the end of the row. When you have run all the rows in the same way, draw up each thread and wind it round a pin in the usual way when gathering; for each thread put in a separate pin.

To work honeycomb pattern, commence at the top left-hand corner, put your



HONEYCOMB PATTERN.

needle through from the back to the front of the first plait, exactly over the gathering thread, draw it out and put it in crosswise, pointing from right to left, through the second and first plait. Sew them over two or three times, drawing them close. Now put your needle into the dot you have just worked, seeing that it goes



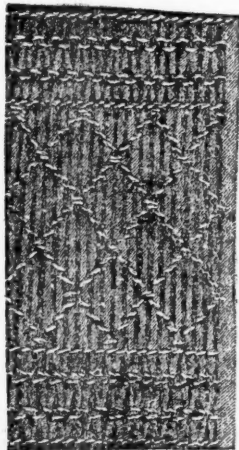
ROPE PATTERN.

into the second plait, not into the first, draw it out behind, and insert it in the dot immediately under the second plait in the next row; then pass the needle crosswise into the third and second plaits, and sew over as before. Now put in the needle at the third plait you have just worked, and bring it out at the third plait in the first row, and sew that and the fourth plait of the first row together as before. Again pass your needle through the fourth plait and bring it out at the fourth plait of the second row, and sew the fourth and fifth plait of the second row together. Go on in this way, sewing the first and second row together, until you have finished these two gathering threads. Start again at the left hand of the third row, and proceed in just the same manner, passing the needle from the third to the fourth row, and so on until the piece is completed. You can now pull out the gathering threads.

The rope pattern is a very useful one. The bars on the first, fourth, and seventh gatherings are very easily done. Work along each gathering thread, picking up the plaits one by one, with a crosswise stitch, and always bringing out the needle below the stitch. The bars on the second, third, fifth, and sixth gatherings are just as simple. They are done in the same way as those just described, with this difference—that in every second stitch the needle is taken out *above* the stitch, instead of below it.

The diamond pattern is done on exactly the same plan. Before working the diamonds, do the rope stitches above and below; these make the plaits steady and easy to work upon. Then start from the

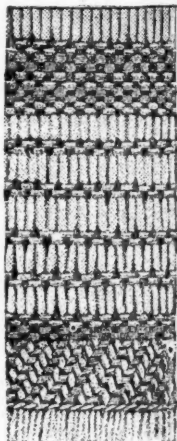
top left-hand corner as at first, insert the needle in a slanting direction downward, from right to left, to the second dot. Insert the needle into the third plait or dot in the same way, starting on the same level at which it came out in plait two. Repeat in the fourth plait. Now the



DIAMOND PATTERN.

needle should come out in the second row. Make a stitch into the fifth plait of the second row, slanting the needle upward instead of downward, into the sixth, seventh, and eighth plaits, until at plait eight your needle should come out at the first gathering. Proceed in this way, coming down again at the twelfth plait of the second row, and so on until you come to the end of the piece of stuff. Start again from the first plait of the third row, work upward until you come to the fourth plait of second row, and then down again, and so on.

Basket pattern is done in this way. Commence, as before, at first plait at top left-hand corner. Sew it and the second plait together, making a stitch crosswise, from the second to third plait, from



BASKET PATTERN.

right to left, bringing out the needle below the stitch. Sew the second and third plait together once; make a crosswise stitch through third plait, bringing the needle out above the stitch. Sew once together the third and fourth plaits; then make a stitch through the fourth plait, bringing out the needle below the stitch. Repeat to the end of the gathering. The thick bar of work at the top of the diagram is made by working five rows close together. The thin bars in the centre are single rows of stitches. To work the lower part, work two rows of the above close together, and then, instead of working in straight lines from left to right, work in diagonal lines downward from right to left, finishing with a row of rope stitch.

When done, if it is necessary, the work should be pressed with a hot iron; if the material be a delicate one, a piece of thin muslin should be put between it and the iron. After this the gathering threads can be removed.

There are many other patterns, besides these given here, which are easily done after a little practice, but these are the most simple and usual, perhaps. We would advise our readers to practice on something of no use before attempting a dress.

#### EMBROIDERIES.

**T**HERE is always a demand for small articles formed of inexpensive materials, and these are especially needed when the sunshine reveals the havoc made upon drawing-room ornamentations by the fogs and fires of autumn and winter. For delicate work a description of silk embroidery is the most favored for this season's chair-backs, sofa cushions, and fireplace screens. This embroidery is executed upon pale-tinted satins or Japanese silk materials, and carried entirely over the background in running patterns representing sprays of foliage and delicate but conventionalized flowers. The flower known as the Japanese honeysuckle is the one most suitable for large pieces of work, as it is effective and quickly done; but for more elaborate embroidery large carnation-shaped flowers are used. The backgrounds to the work are primrose, yellow, pink, apple-green, navy-blue, orange, and sky-

blue shades of silk or satin; the embroidery is worked in fine silks for the leaves and stems, and in the finest shaded chenilles for the flowers. Small table-covers, work baskets, and bassinet covers are extremely handsome when so embroidered; also magazine covers and jewel caskets.

Some of the most favorite uses the embroidery is put to is the ornamentation of tea cozies. Only a small piece of the embroidery is then required, as the cozy is only half covered on each side with it, and then finished with silk draperies. The easiest way of making up such a cozy is to buy a common one already stuffed, remove the outer covering, and replace it with plain sateen matching the foundation silk. Line the outside with a piece of oriental silk, put on pretty full, but not quilted. Cut two pieces of colored satin or oriental silk to the shape of the cozy, and large enough to cover three-quarters of each side, and when cutting these pieces remember that they, when made up, are not to be close together, but upon opposite sides. Draw out, with the aid of tracing-cloth and tracing-paper, a light pattern consisting of leaves and flowers trailing over the whole of the background, and frame the material in an embroidery frame. Work the leaves and stems in satin stitch, varying the shading of each leaf, but not to any considerable extent, and keeping all the leaves to tender shades of apple or olive green, not employing dark greens at all. Work the stems in russet browns or light moss-colored greens. If the flowers are small, work them in satin stitch and in primrose, pale pink, flame-colored, or pale blue silks; if they are large, select shaded arrasene of the same delicate tinting as used for the flowers worked in silks, and be careful that the colors rather contrast with the background. Use upon light blue or green backgrounds primrose, orange, or terra cotta colors. Upon navy-blue, yellows, or deeper pinks, but never encourage violent contrasts, only slight ones.

Having worked the embroidery, sew it neatly over the cozy, hemming it down to the cretonne cover, where it does not reach the sides. To cover over the parts thus left arrange a full drapery made of English sash silks. This silk is now sold by most dry goods dealers at small cost, it is not very wide, but quite wide

enough for the purpose. Arrange this as a narrow curtain, covering the bare places, and arranging it along the top of the cozy. Make the drapery upon the sides of the cozy as full as possible, but restrain it with two lines of gatherings taken across its centre, and fasten it down as plaits at the bottom of the cozy. Finish by sewing a very narrow silk cord round the bottom and along the edge of the cozy, and make long loops of the same cord, which sew down over the gatherings in the centre part of the drapery.

What is known as *Multra* work is a handsome description of embroidery, but only fitted for large articles, such as portières or borders to the same, mantel vallances, and large fire-screens. The foundation is of embossed plush. In this plush a design of large conventional flowers or arabesques, forming a band across it, is woven while the plush is manufactured, and this design the worker covers with embroidery. The embroidery is executed with thick oriental silks and gold thread. In order to give an oriental appearance to the embroidery, the shades selected are brilliant, and are not confined to one color only; in fact, as much color as possible can be used as long as care is taken to keep the effects produced rich and handsome, and not to make them glaring. Large quantities of gold thread are needed as the latter is sewn round every outline of the design, as well as employed to fill in the centres to large flowers, and to work the scrolls and tendrils attached to the leaf stems. One or two lines of gold thread are sufficient for outlining the less important parts of the design, but from four to six lines are taken round the chief flowers.

Venetian felt embroidery will be found particularly useful for draping piano backs, or for short curtains. The felt, which is obtainable by the yard, is made extremely wide—nearly two yards; and the colors it is dyed in are rich greens, crimsons, and art blues, which amalgamate very well with plush of similar shades. A new way of draping a piano back is to cut out a piece of plush, half a yard wider than the width of the piano, and nine inches less than its height. To this piece of plush a piece of felt matching it in width and length is sewn, and the whole is lined with plain cretonne

of a light art shade. When the material is arranged, the plush makes an under curtain, the felt being turned over it at the top of the piano, allowed to fall nearly straight at one side, and is caught up in wide folds on the other and gathered into a knot at the extreme top. Both plush and felt are embroidered, the former having large conventional single flowers cut out in thick plain silks, or plain cretonne outlined with gold and silk cord sewn over it as powderings, and the latter being finished with Venetian embroidery. This is worked as follows:—Select a bold conventional pattern, such as is used for large pieces of crewel work, and is taken from old-fashioned designs, and trace the outlines on the felt, securing the lines by going over them with a brush charged with white oil paint, mixed with a little japanner's gold size. The design selected should be of large flowers with pointed leaves, like lilies, or such bold fruit as pomegranates, and the leaves of the shape of horsechestnut leaves, acanthus, or iris. Double fleecy wools in shades of yellow, pinks, chestnuts, browns, art blues, lemon, and orange yellows, or pale greens are used for the embroidery; also tinsel wools, and thick silk cords. The wools are worked in herring-bone, satin, and coral stitches into the centres of leaves and down stems; while the tinsel is sewn as crossbar or diamond designs into the centres of the flowers, and the cords caught round each outline. In the arrangement and variety of the stitches lie the beauty and originality of the design. The herring-bone stitch is worked so close together that it looks like a plait, and fills up the whole of the leaf or petal it is employed upon thoroughly, while the coral stitches are sometimes made double and sometimes single. Satin stitch is used to fill in small flower petals, or flower centres too small for crossbar designs to look effective. Before outlining the design with the silk cord, a puffed line made with the wools is taken round the edge of a leaf or flower. To make this line really effective, the wool used is double, and it is caught to the material with frequent stitches laid diagonally across it. There is just a little art in working these puffed lines, as, if the wool is pulled too hard between the securing stitches, the result is a plain flat line; but, if it is left

too loose between the fastenings, a lumpy, untidy appearance is given to the embroidery. The securing stitches are worked with purse silks of a light and contrasting color to the wool, and the line, when properly worked, should look like a succession of tiny puffs caught well in at equal distances.

#### APRON.

NEW materials for cross-stitch work are forever being invented, and no wonder, for few sorts of needlework are easier and more practical than this embroidery. One of these stuffs is specially nice for covers, window blinds, curtains, aprons, etc.; it has alternate stripes of open-work



canvas, and ribbed or sateen-looking material. The former are partly congress canvas make, and partly like fillet guipure ground, and we need scarcely add both are alike suitable for working on. The apron in our illustration shows a blue and white silky-looking stripe on each side, between one and two inches broad, and with narrow open-work insertion in the middle, then comes a stripe of fillet guipure about two and a half inches broad and another rather narrower congress canvas stripe, separated from each other by handsome open-work insertion pattern.

#### HINTS ON BEADING.

SINCE passementerie, tinsel, and all kinds of beads and threads are woven and twined into artistic arrangements for the adornment of costumes,

bodices, mantles, and even hats and bonnets, some of our readers who cannot afford, or are disinclined to purchase, these articles at the high figures at which they range, may appreciate those hints and designs by which, at a small cost and the work of their own hands, they may furnish themselves with both useful and even handsome articles of dress.

Beads in all colors and sizes are now to be obtained, and we would recommend that these should be purchased in quantities sufficient to complete the garment decided on.

We have found it advisable to purchase beads by the quarter of a pound, which can generally be done at the shops of fancy jewelers. Long thin needles, possessing good open eyes, are the best for beading, and we advise the use of thread or silk instead of cotton; the former being more durable and capable of sustaining the weight of the beads. Silk is somewhat expensive, and thread answers the purpose equally as well, but of course this must be left to the option of the worker.

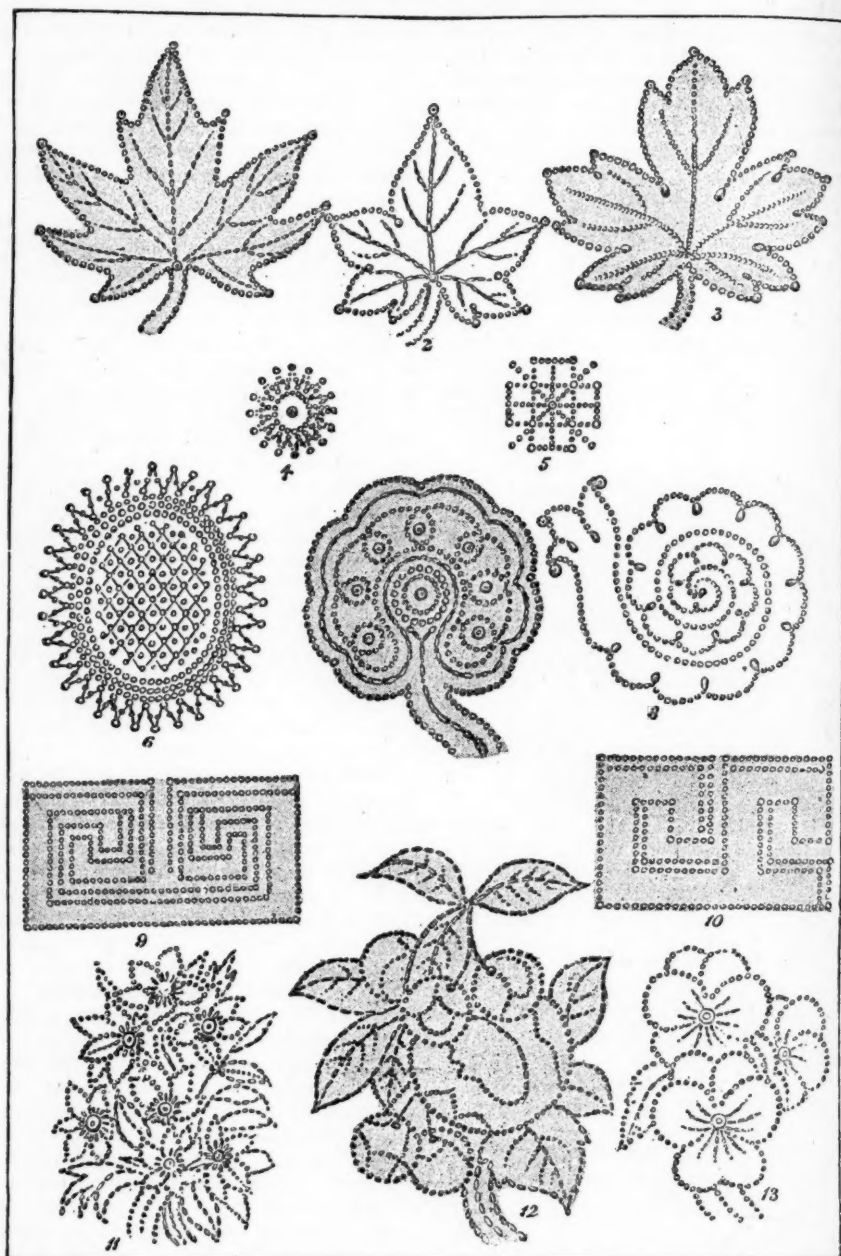
We strongly recommend the introduction of a little silk work among the beads in floral and fruit designs, as small shadings can thus be introduced that cannot be so well secured by beads.

All the designs on page 504 are elegant with only the outlines portrayed by beads, but they are very handsome with all the sections worked in beads alone, or beads and silk, such as are used for crewel work, intermixed. Many ladies have in their possession bodice patterns that fit both well and easily upon their figures. Should a sleeveless bodice, basque, or waist be decided upon for working in beads, net, muslin, or material, or velvet should be used as the foundation.

For semi-transparent effects the net must be strong, or it will not sustain the weight of the beads required for beading it. We find that muslin answers the purpose of net as regards transparency, and it is very durable, as it can be purchased of good strength.

Cashmeres of all colors and textures can be purchased; should the bodice be made of a thicker material, we should recommend velvet.

The next thing is that it should be cut out, fitted, and completely made for wear;



for the ornamentation is the last, though not by any means the least matter concerning it.

The choice of form of beading must necessarily rest with the wearer, but many designs are both novel and effective.

Many bodices are beaded entirely, but the most charming are those that are beaded in shapes in a good design, and the remaining portions filled in in beading of an insignificant pattern that does not detract from the effect of the design employed. Many bodices are beaded in two colors, such as steel and black, pearl and black, garnet and black, gold and black, yellow and black, or crystal and black.

In these cases the special design is worked in steel, pearl, garnet, gold, yellow or crystal, and the insignificant filling-in is effected in black.

Gilets edged by revers, V shapes, plastrons, braces, between the shoulders, and the same length or a little deeper down the bust, are all good arrangements.

Our designs, figs. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, are all suitable for these shapes, and a worker could not readily make a mistake, as the position of each bead is indicated by a dot. The border and shape of trimming upon the bodice should be tacked out, as this plan renders it more easy to work.

With V shape, the designs before mentioned will be found to follow, leaf after leaf, medallion after medallion, or scroll after scroll, very readily, and they can be arranged with equal ease down the two fronts and round the extremity of the bodice.

For a straight, upright collar, which is now in general use on all bodices, the design chosen for the V shape and border should of course be used. All these designs can be made larger or smaller by the size of beads employed, but it will be observed that large beads are placed at the extremity of every point or conspicuous position.

Should these designs be executed in steel, gold, yellow, garnet, pearl, etc., the filling-in should be of black—that is, if the whole of the bodice is intended to be covered with jet.

The filling-in can be effected in small zigzags of three, five, or seven beads. Squares, diamonds, loops, crosses, or any small designs can be made with a like number of beads, provided care is taken that the number employed should always be odd.

These are always pleasing designs for filling-in and do not detract from the

special design employed for V shapes, etc., and borders.

In cases in which black is the only color employed for beading the effect of the design adopted is heightened by making use of different sizes or sorts of beads. The points should always be of somewhat large, round beads. The outside tracery and veins of the leaves should be of a smaller sized round beads, and if the filling-in of the sections of the design is decided on this should be in bugles or a still smaller size of round beads. Again, the edgings and veins or marked portions of the medallions and scrolls could be worked in bugles and the filling-in be executed in rounds. Round beads are much in vogue, but in self color beadings a handsome effect is produced by the introduction of bugles in the sections, as these being more bright and glittering, they throw up the design into relief.

Very elegant and effective trimmings for evening or special wear, suitable for the ornamentation of almost any costume can be made by a beading on velvet, silk, or net.

They also have some good Swiss belt patterns which are termed Spanish girdles, and a sort of low bodice shape called the "Peasant" waist. These simply beaded, or beaded with the introduction of some crewels to throw up the design, can be worn over any plain dress and renders it quite dressy. We have effected some charming things of this kind in jet, pearl, and silver threads, or coral.

Chip coral is quite inexpensive and produces a very bright and uncommon effect.

Our designs in leaves on figs. 9 and 10 are very excellent for such collars and belts as we have named.

Epaulettes are also a nice ornamentation for the shoulders of dresses, and if properly arranged give a broad effect to the chest and a narrow one to the shoulders.

All the above-named designs in our illustration are suitable for the skirts of dresses.

They can be arranged in a variety of forms, as, for instance, in panels for the extremity, or extending up the entire length for the fronts between rows of lace or puffings either crossways or straight; for the edging of round or square tabliers, etc.

Figs. 11, 12, and 13 are very suitable and handsome for tabliers, panels, and other ornamentation of skirts and can be worked in either black or colors. A very delightful effect can be produced in fig. 13 by using green beads for the leaves of the heartsease and working the flowers in blue and white.

White crystal and chalk-white or pale yellow can be employed for one of the flowers, and blue for some petals, and white for the others of the same blossom for another, while the third could be of a darker blue and white, or even all yellow.

The eye of the flower should in such cases be of black beads, a large one for the centre, and smaller ones around it.

Again, they look well entirely in black or white glass and chalk-white. The black designs should be in bugles and rounds.

The foregoing remarks apply to the bunch of lilies, fig. 11.

The design of fruit, fig. 12, can also be worked in self-colors; but the leaves in

greens, the cherries in reds, and the peach in red shading off to green is much more handsome and is easily effected by the introduction of crewel work.

These designs, save in net and muslin, should always be lined, as the lining gives support to the beads and prevents the material from stretching.

All our designs are suitable for mantles, either as ornaments on the ends or sleeves or as trimmings up the backs, fronts, etc., or completely covering the surface of the material, as in the case of sleeveless bodices.

Lace can always be utilized by tacking it upon muslin or net, or even on cashmere, and working down the pattern portrayed upon the lace in beads upon the foundation.

This lace can be used over any self-colored costume, and is very durable, handsome, and uncommon. Lace of all colors can be worked in fine beads and silk for the trimmings of hats and bonnets and this kind of trimming is very pleasing.

## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### THE PURITANS' THANKSGIVING.

"WHY do they keep Thanksgiving?"  
 Asked Goldenhair of me,  
 As in the twilight shadows  
 She sat beside my knee;  
 "Why does it come in winter,  
 When days are dark and cold,  
 And not when summer's sunshine  
 Is pouring floods of gold?"

I brush from her snowy forehead  
 The shining waves of hair—  
 For she is bright and bonny,  
 With not a thought of care;—  
 "If Goldenhair will listen,  
 I'll tell the reason why  
 The people keep Thanksgiving  
 Under a wintry sky.

"Long, long ago, my darling,  
 When the country here was new,

There sailed across the ocean  
 A good ship, strong and true;  
 She brought brave men and women,  
 Who toiled with heart and hand  
 To build their household altars  
 Within the strange, new land.

"All day in the fragrant forest  
 The settlers felled the trees,  
 And the ringing sound of axes  
 Was borne upon the breeze;  
 And far within the clearings  
 Their humble homes were made,  
 Where birds sang in the thickets  
 And streams of water played.

"But once there came a summer  
 With storms of sleet and snow  
 That froze the tender branches,  
 And laid the young crops low;  
 The men toiled, worn and weary,  
 All day in the barren field,

But the harvest brought them only  
A small and scanty yield.

"And faith began to waver,  
And the women prayed and wept,  
For the children must be nourished  
With the small supplies they kept;  
Until one day the preacher  
(His kind face lined with care)  
Had called his flock together  
To meet, and offer prayer.

"But, hark! a sudden clamor  
Has risen in the town;  
And, look! within the harbor  
A ship sails slowly down;  
Over the dancing water,  
Over the crested wave—  
They know that she brings them plenty  
To help, sustain, and save.

"And far from over the water  
There sounds a ringing cheer,  
And then, before they answer,  
Another, loud and clear;  
And, loosened from their moorings,  
The boats have sailed away,  
While the gallant ship has anchored  
In the shelter of the bay.

"Rich are the stores she brings them  
Of welcome food and wine;  
And hands are clasped in greeting,  
And joyous faces shine;  
There is warmth and hope in future,  
There is corn in golden store  
To last till cold is ended,  
And the summer comes once more.

"God bless our friends in England!  
The gray-haired preacher said,  
As, on the sands, the people  
Knelt with uncovered head,  
'We thank the God who leads us  
By many winding ways,  
And changed our supplications  
To joyful songs of praise!'

"And this is why, my darling,  
In the fading of the year,  
When the yellow moon is shining,  
And nights are cold and clear;  
When purple grapes have ripened,  
And autumn brought its hoard,  
We call our friends together  
Around the festal board."

God bless our brave New England!  
Her hills in grandeur rise;  
Her storms are fierce and raging,  
But blue her smiling skies;  
Proud are her sons and daughters,  
Who own her noble sway,  
Of the grand old pilgrim fathers  
Who kept Thanksgiving day.

ELLA D. CHAPMAN.

#### MILLY.

YES, Tim who sells papers is hearty;  
And Maggie knows never a pain;  
But Milly, there, seems like a flower,  
All beaten and bruised by the rain.  
You see, sir, the roses and dimples  
Have gone from each poor little knee;  
Just keep a red rose in the cellar—  
You know what the flower will be!

She dreams every night of the country,  
Of singing birds, flowers, and bees,  
Though she never has seen a rose growing,  
Nor the nest of a bird in the trees.  
And she laughs quite aloud in her pleasure,  
And clasps her soft hands with delight;  
She stays all day long in this attic,  
But lives in the country all night.

She has read, and thought, till her fancy  
Has built a sweet world of her own,  
Away from the rank-smelling alley  
And the tall, gloomy buildings of stone.  
Almost she can smell the sweet clover  
And hide in the tents of new hay,  
Or climb to the boughs where the cherries  
Are hiding their red cheeks away.

To think of the velvety meadows  
Lying, unused, in the sun;  
To think of the acres of daisies  
Down-dropping their blooms, one by one  
Yet never a patch where my Milly  
May tumble and play the day long,  
Her cheeks growing red, with the clovers,  
And her languid foot nimble and strong.

The sleek cattle rove in the pastures;  
The goats have the hillsides to-day;  
The lambs stand knee-deep in the grasses,  
With God's leave to live and to play.  
They breathe the sweet health of the  
mountains,  
Nor lift their dull eyes in a prayer;  
While children like Milly are dying  
For want of the sunshine and air.

Oh! you, who dwell out of this Babel  
 In country homes peaceful and far;  
 It may be, a little girl's longing  
 Will travel and reach where you are!  
 It may be cool doors will swing open  
 And tender hands stroke her white face,  
 Just hear her laugh out in her sleeping—  
 She's dreaming of just such a place!

#### DUTY.

FOR many years close at her side I  
 walked,  
 Unquestioning I owned her rightful  
 power;  
 Of her behests at morn and eve we talked,  
 Or took sad counsel at the midnight  
 hour.

I dreamed of other paths more fair and  
 wide,  
 Of other, nobler work I might have  
 done;  
 Still with firm hand she held me at her  
 side,  
 Still in the hard, right path she led me  
 on.

Till sometimes, wearied by the stern com-  
 mands  
 She laid on me, the flesh and spirit tried  
 By her denials and her demands,  
 Against them all in bitterness I cried.

Depart from me, O Duty! let me go,  
 Freed from your bondage, my own  
 chosen way;  
 Unfettered and untrammelled let me know  
 An utter freedom henceforth from this  
 day.

For I am tired of every useful task,  
 And slipping off the yoke of every care,

I fain would be as one whom none may ask  
 Why I do this or that, go here or there.

Let me be free to seek the path in which  
 So sadly long I've seen Love waiting  
 stand;

Let me be free to gather in the rich,  
 Wide fields of fame whose harvests wait  
 my hand.

There came a day—heart, hand, and brain  
 were free  
 From service that so long had been their  
 share.

O sad, strange day! in which there fell on  
 me  
 The endless sorrow of an answered  
 prayer.

Now, if in any dear eyes I could see  
 Such smiles as those that once did  
 glorify

A loving, grateful face, there would not  
 be  
 A woman in the world as glad as I.

If anywhere in all my world was one  
 Who held, as then, no ministering so  
 sweet

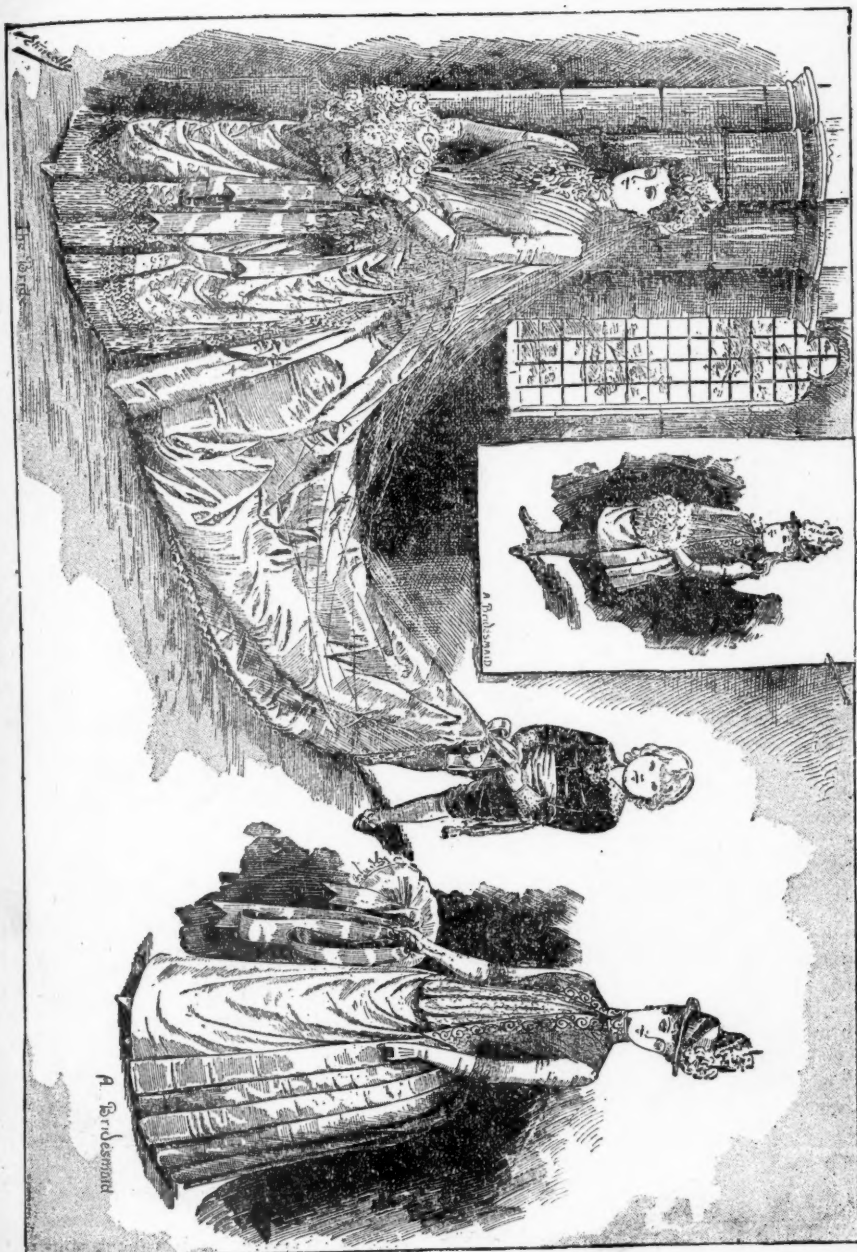
And dear as mine, how gladly would I  
 run  
 To lay the utmost service at her feet.

This know I now at last all doubt beyond:  
 Though love is sweet, though fame hath  
 gracious meed.

Who doth rebel 'gainst duty's sacred bond,  
 He knoweth not his own soul's deepest  
 need.

Reveal thyself, O Duty! unto all  
 My brothers and my sisters! Let them  
 see

How they alone are blest who heed thy call,  
 How they walk life's best paths who  
 walk with thee.



## FASHIONS.



AT this time of year an out-door garment is generally worn; the long paletot, short jacket, or ulster coat. Smart-looking jackets are within reach of every-

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body, as far as price is concerned. The newest shapes have revers on each side which turn open, and these are not usually fastened in any way. Warmer and more



FIG. 6.

serviceable jackets are those with waist-coats, the single-breasted ones fastening diagonally. They slip on better if lined with satin. Fancy and plain cloths are

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the materials used. Short silk mantles reaching to the waist are also useful.

Fig. 1 is a new jacket of drab diagonal cloth with blue facings and a vest *criblée*



FIG. 7.

with narrow blue and gold-plaited braid. The "Riviera" (fig. 2), is another new jacket, and is made of fine fawn cloth, with cuffs, lining, and collar of rich brown

silk velvet. Worn with a hat to match, this is the best of good taste.

Fig. 3 is gray cloth relieved with terracotta Bengaline, and a most cunningly



twisted fine cord of gold, silver, terra-cotta, and brown.

The "Polo" (fig. 4), is a remarkably stylish little jacket in dark blue cloth,

with braided vests, cuffs, and corners done with a curiously mixed braid of dark blue, white, and gold.

Fig. 5 is a striped woolen costume in

which stone-gray and moss-green predominate; it has a vest of stone-colored kid, and short front drapery.

When blouses are not worn, coats take their places, and it is now quite usual to have both a coat and a blouse to accompany one skirt. More especially is this arrangement feasible with costumes of

attached to the coat by straps, are equally as becoming to the figure as those made entire, and certainly afford more variety, as not only may the vest be varied, but the hat and gloves correspond in coloring, and so have the effect of a totally different costume.

Red is much used for vests, particularly



FIG. 8.

FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

plain material, such as cloth, beige, serge, etc., when a cream-colored blouse in serge or flannel, or even in silk, makes a delightful change.

Waistcoats are almost universally worn, particularly those of light washing silk, as here the vest is in full folds, and a folded sash or belt makes no enlargement of the waist.

Separate vests, it carefully fitted and

in military style, with gold braid sewn flat, and the small round gilt buttons set closely, as on an officer's mess jacket.

Draperies get straighter and more simple, whilst some skirts have the foundation covered with large box-plaits to the waist, these sometimes covering the front and sides, or forming a wide front, with long sides slightly draped at the back, and cut almost straight.



FIG. 11.

With the short open coats and folded belt or sash of soft silk, sash ends are sometimes worn at the side, these not necessarily belonging to the belt, or passing completely round the waist.

Fig. 6 will be found a very useful costume for house wear, having a simple polonaise with full back drapery. It is of water-cress green, front vest and cuffs of greenish-gray cloth, braided with flat green braid. The vest is separate from the coat and the pockets are simulated only, as real

in blue silk. The lower edge is hemmed wide, and the neck opening finished off with a stand-up collar one and five-eighths inches deep of double stuff. The cuff is also made of double stuff and ornamented like the collar and belt with fancy silk stitches.

Fig. 10. Traveling blouse of light woolen material, with half yoke and gathered fronts and back.

Fig. 11. This very pretty dress is intended to be made of pistachio brown poplin over



FIG. 12.

FIG. 13

ones spoil the fit, and make unsightly lumps when filled.

The costume shown by fig. 7 has revers and jacket of velvet, with skirt and vest of heavy gros-grain silk. The vest is braided to match the velvet.

On page 513 is shown tea-gowns and morning robes simple in design and easily copied by the deft fingers of home dressmakers.

Fig. 8 is a black silk waist with jet passementerie. Fig. 9 is a blouse of cream white cashmere, plaited back and front, the plaits being first ironed down and then fastened with fancy stitches worked

a pale shrimp-pink petticoat of the same material. The pointed band is the same color, and so is the folded vest, but in *crêpe de Chine*, which falls into soft and becoming folds. The drapery is remarkably simple and effective.

Fig. 12. JERSEY BLOUSE WITH PLAIN YOKE.—This blouse, made of fawn-colored jersey and with a plain yoke seven and three-quarter inches long in the middle, back, and front, is stitched out in small tucks, to within one and five-eighths inches of the lower edge. Collar and sleeve cuffs answering the yoke. Ribbon waistband tied at the side.

Fig. 13. JERSEY BLOUSE WITH PLAITED IMITATION YOKE.—The fronts and backs of this blouse of black jersey are sewn out in plaits at the neck. The outer part of the sleeve is also tucked above and at the cuffs which are two and three-quarter inches deep. Stand-up collar two inches high. Waistband with steel buckle and two inches broad.

Fig. 14. COSTUME WITH JACKET BODICE FOR GIRLS OF TEN OR TWELVE YEARS.

Fig. 15. SCHOOLROOM PINAFORE WITH YOKE FOR GIRLS OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS.—This useful pinafore is made of black alpaca, trimmed with bands one inch wide, edged with red and completed by a skirt part twenty-six and one-half inches wide, set on to a band one and five-eighths inches wide.



FIG. 14.



FIG. 15.



COSTUMES FOR GIRLS FROM TWELVE TO SIXTEEN YEARS.

Figs. 16, 17, and 18 are autumn costumes for girls from twelve to sixteen years, and can easily be copied at home.





GRETEL.